

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



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A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1920.

SIXPENCE.

Post age: U.F. 14.; Abroad, 14.

## Appointments Vacant

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF ST. PANCRAS.

MALE SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

THE ST. PANCRAS BOROUGH COUNCIL invite APPLICATIONS for the POST of MALE SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT, age 23 years or over. The salary fixed is £110 rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £150 per annum, plus bonus at present in accordance with Civil Service Awards Nos. 84 and 101, amounting to £95 rising to £107 per annum. Candidates must have practical experience in a public library, and hold the certificates of the Library Association in cataloguing and classification. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, and must be returned by Friday, February 20, 1920.

C. H. F. BARRETT, Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Pancras Road, N.W.1.

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE invite applications for the Temporary Post of CHIEF ASSISTANT, to perform the duties of the Sub-Librarian, who has been granted leave of absence until July, 1921, to attend the School of Librarianship. Candidates must have had practical experience, and hold certificates of the Library Association. Inclusive salary £180 per annum.

Applications, with not more than three recent testimonials, and endorsed "Chief Assistant," should reach the undersigned by February 26.

B. CARTER,  
Borough Librarian.

PORTSMOUTH EDUCATION COMMITTEE.  
(HIGHER EDUCATION.)

MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ART.

Principal: THOS. T. NELSON, A.R.C.A.

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT MASTER.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENT of an ASSISTANT MASTER with special qualifications in Modelling. Candidates must hold a recognised qualification of the Board of Education:—The full Associateship Diploma of the Royal College of Art, a Schools' Associateship Diploma, an Art Master's Certificate or the New Teaching Certificate.

Salary £200 per annum, increasing by £10 annually to £250. The commencing salary in the scale will be fixed according to the candidate's qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Offices for Higher Education, The Municipal College, Portsmouth, to whom applications should be returned so as to be received not later than noon, Wednesday, the 25th instant, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials.

H. E. CURTIS, Secretary.

SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

REQUIRED ASSISTANT MASTER holding Full Art Master's Certificate or R.C.A. Diploma, for general art instruction and design applied to crafts (including metalwork). Salary £200 plus increments for experience up to 10 years on Graduate Scale (maximum now under consideration).

Applications stating qualifications and experience and date when free to be sent immediately to A. J. Connabeer, Esq., Principal, at the School.

H. FARRANDS,  
Director of Education.

## Appointments Vacant

CITY OF SHEFFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

APPLICATIONS are invited for APPOINTMENT as Certified ASSISTANT MASTERS and Certified ASSISTANT MISTRESSES for service in the Elementary Schools of the Authority.

REVISED SCALE OF SALARIES.

|        |                       |                 |
|--------|-----------------------|-----------------|
| MEN:   | Minimum ...           | £150 per annum. |
|        | Maximum ...           | £360 per annum. |
|        | Annual increments ... | £10             |
| WOMEN: | Minimum ...           | £136 per annum. |
|        | Maximum ...           | £288 per annum. |
|        | Annual increments ... | £8              |

In the case of Trained Certified Teachers each year spent in a Training College will be regarded for the purpose of fixing the commencing salary of a Teacher as a year of service with the Sheffield Education Committee.

In fixing the commencing salary of a Teacher, certain previous experience in a like capacity under other Authorities may be counted as service with the Sheffield Education Committee.

Forms of application, which must be returned to the undersigned as soon as possible, may be had on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

PERCIVAL SHARP,

Director of Education.

Education Office, Sheffield, January, 1920.

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

THE Lancashire Education Committee are at present organising a Temporary Training College at Lancaster for ex-service men of good general education who desire to be trained for teaching in Elementary Schools. It is proposed to open the College after Easter, and to provide a Two-Year Course leading to the Final Examination for the Teachers' Certificate granted by the Board of Education. The Committee invite applications for the following posts:—

- A LECTURER IN ENGLISH.
- A LECTURER IN HISTORY.
- A LECTURER IN MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.
- A LECTURER IN GEOGRAPHY.

Candidates should hold an Honours Degree or other special qualification for the position, and must have had some teaching experience in institutions for Higher Education, but not necessarily in a Training College.

Owing to the temporary nature of the College, the appointments will be for two years only. Salary £400—£600 a year (non-resident), according to qualifications. Further particulars and forms of application (which must be returned before Saturday, February 28), may be obtained from the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston.

PRINCIPAL and PROFESSOR of ENGLISH wanted in June for Native College in India. Honours Degree essential. Rs.700 a month (present equivalent £980 a year), rising to Rs.1,000 a month. Passage paid. Statement of age and Degree must accompany enquiries.—Professor LEWIS, Cambridge.

HULL MUNICIPAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

WANTED after Easter, a WOMAN LECTURER in GEOGRAPHY. Particulars may be obtained from the PRINCIPAL, to whom applications should be sent not later than February 21, 1920.

## Appointments Vacant

### ROYAL NAVY.

**A**PPPLICATIONS are invited for APPOINTMENTS as INSTRUCTOR LIEUTENANTS in the Royal Navy. Candidates must be under 30 years of age, have had a University Training and have taken an Honours Degree in Mathematics, Science or Engineering; they should also have had some teaching experience.

The rates of pay are from £365 per annum on entry to a maximum of £949 per annum as Instructor Commander. Promotion, by selection, to Instructor Captain is also open, with a maximum of £1,277 per annum.

Retired pay to officers over 40 years of age, after 12 years' service, ranges from £300 per annum for an Instructor Lieutenant to a maximum of £900 for an Instructor Captain, according to length of service. Service pension is also allowed to officers if invalided before becoming eligible for retired pay.

For further particulars apply in the first instance to

THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY,  
Whitehall, S.W.1.

### KING EDWARD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CAMP HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

**B**At end of April, a FORM MISTRESS with good History qualifications and English or Geography as a subsidiary subject. Experience desirable; games a recommendation. Salary £160-£10-£300, with allowance for previous experience.

Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

### CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE. BOURNVILLE GIRLS' DAY CONTINUATION SCHOOL.

1. WANTED, after Easter, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS able to develop an appreciation of ENGLISH and if possible of MUSIC (taking class singing) using modern methods suited to girls 16 to 18 years of age.

2. WANTED immediately, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS for ENGLISH and NATURE STUDY. Gardening an additional qualification.

A degree (or equivalent) and secondary school experience desirable. Salary in accordance with the Committee's Scale for teachers in Secondary Schools. Forms of application and Scale of salaries may be obtained from the undersigned.

P. D. INNES,  
Chief Education Officer.

Education Office, Council House, Birmingham.  
Feb. 6, 1920.

### CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE. COTTERIDGE BOYS' DAY CONTINUATION SCHOOL.

**W**ANTED, as soon as possible, an ASSISTANT MASTER for MATHEMATICS and SCIENCE. A degree (or equivalent) and Secondary School experience desirable. To teach boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Salary in accordance with the Committee's Scale for Teachers in Secondary Schools. Form of Application and Scale of Salaries may be obtained from the undersigned.

P. D. INNES,  
Chief Education Officer.

Education Office, Council House, Birmingham.  
Feb. 6, 1920.

### BOROUGH OF CAMBRIDGE EDUCATION COMMITTEE. TRAINED CERTIFICATED MEN TEACHERS are Required

for:—Central Council School, and Central Classes attached to Milton Road C. School and Morley Memorial C. School, the latter being a Demonstration School for Homerton College. St. Philip's C. E. Boys' School.—Trained Certificated Man. Application forms and scale of salaries will be forwarded on receipt of stamped, addressed foolscap envelope.

E. JENKINS,  
Secretary.

Education Office,  
Guildhall, Cambridge.

**E**AST LONDON COLLEGE (University of London), E.1.—PHYSICS' DEMONSTRATOR required immediately, Salary £250.—Particulars from Prof. C. H. LEES, F.R.S.

**W**EST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL.  
MEXBOROUGH AND DISTRICT SECONDARY SCHOOL.  
WANTED for next term, a MASTER or MISTRESS with good qualifications for teaching Botany. Salary for men begins at £180 to £300 and rises to £450. Salary for women begins at £150 to £250 and rises to £330. Apply, by February 21, to HEADMASTER.

## Appointments Vacant

### THE SALT SCHOOLS, SHIPLEY.

**T**HE Governors invite applications for the appointment of HEAD MISTRESS of the Salt Girls' High School, to commence her duties in September next. Candidates must be Graduates (preferably in Honours) of a University in the United Kingdom, or possess equivalent qualifications. Initial salary, £350 to £450 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. The number of pupils at present in the school is 247.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned by forwarding stamped directed envelope, and should be returned not later than March 8 1920.

WALTER POPPLESTONE,  
Secretary.

Education Office,  
Saltire Road, Shipley.

### OSWESTRY EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

#### HEADMASTER OF SCHOOL OF ART.

**T**HE Oswestry Education Committee invite Applications for the post of HEADMASTER of the Oswestry School of Art. Appointment from April 1, 1920. Salary £200, with opportunities for private work.

Applications should be received by February 17, 1920, by the undersigned, from whom all further particulars may be obtained.

G. W. FERRINGTON,  
Clerk to the Committee.

18, Arthur Street, Oswestry,  
January 31, 1920.

### BOROUGH OF FOLKESTONE. PUBLIC LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

**T**HE Committee invite applications for the POSITION of THIRD LADY ASSISTANT. Public Library experience essential, preferably with a knowledge of the Dewey Decimal Classification and Open Access charging. Commencing salary, £100 per annum. Applications with not more than three recent testimonials to be sent to the undersigned on or before Monday, March 1, 1920.

(By Order) A. F. KIDSON,  
Town Clerk.

Town Clerk's Office, Folkestone.  
February 9, 1920.

### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE. TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

**A**PPPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of VICE-PRINCIPAL of the men's side of the Training Department. The salary attached to the post is £600 per annum. Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, should be sent not later than February 26, to the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E. 14, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

### COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHPORT. EDUCATION COMMITTEE. NEW SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. HEADMASTERSHIP.

**T**HE Governors of the above school invite applications for the POSITION of HEADMASTER.

The school will be commenced in temporary premises at the "Woodlands," Lord Street, pending the erection of a new school with accommodation for 500 boys, which is to be proceeded with immediately on a site of 15 acres on the sea front.

Commencing salary, not less than £800 per annum.

It is intended that the school shall be conducted as far as possible after the manner of a Public School for Day Boarders, for which purpose the new school buildings are being specially designed, and it is therefore desirable that candidates should have had some Public School experience.

An Honours Degree of a British University will be looked for. The School will be grant-earning and be conducted under Articles of Government formulated in accordance with the Board of Education's Regulations.

Applications, endorsed "Headmaster, Secondary School," accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials should reach the undersigned on or before Tuesday, March 9, 1920.

WM. ALLANACH,  
Correspondent and  
Director of Education.

Education Offices, 2, Church Street, Southport.  
February, 1920.

## Appointment Wanted

**L**IBRARIAN AND SECRETARY (Fellow of Library Association), about to be demobilised, seeks re-engagement. Over 20 years' municipal Library experience. Highest credentials. Apply Box 608, ATHENÆUM Advertisement Office, 170, Fleet St. London E.C.4.

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195, Piccadilly. 10-5.

## Meetings

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING of this Society will be held  
at the Society's Apartments, Burlington House, on Friday,  
February 20, at 3 o'clock.

The Fellows and their Friends will dine together at Stewart's  
Restaurant, 50, Old Bond Street, W.1., at 7.30 p.m. Tickets (17s.  
each, inclusive of still wines) to be obtained at the Society's Apart-  
ments not later than February 18.

**L** ECTURE ILLUSTRATION by optical lantern undertaken and  
slides made.—LEVETT, 46, Beechcroft Road, London, S.W. 17.

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and now the property of R. E. Birch, Esq., of St. Asaph.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had of the  
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## Booksellers & Catalogues

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# THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF  
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS

## CRAFTSMEN CRITICS

IT used to be said of some primitive people that they lived by taking in each other's washing; and now it is said, by the malicious, that our literary craftsmen live by reviewing each other's books. That is not a whole truth, but it is half true, because most of our young writers have taken over a system long familiar in France and are by way of giving only their leisure or stolen hours to the production of original work. For the rest, in good faith or bad faith, they occupy themselves in writing about what other craftsmen have done in the same or a similar field. There are several reasons for this. One is that neither imaginative nor critical work is well enough paid to provide a whole income for more than a few lucky ones. Another is that, however creative, and however desirous of splendid effort, one cannot be always creating (since the production of original work is more exacting and exhausting than any other kind of activity). And the third is that, just as busmen, on their holidays, used to sit up beside the drivers of other buses on the familiar route, so the craftsman cannot resist the sight of other men's work, and must instinctively approach it in its technical aspect and appraise its performance in the light of his own specialist knowledge. His judgment is not patient and elaborately sympathetic. It may be formed from a single stroke of the brush, or a single sentence. It may be perversely expressed and intolerantly conceived; but it is as rapid as a woman's opinion of another woman, or of her costume. It is as rapid, and as unshakable. And yet it is rarely invalid, for it is technical, and therefore expert, as no considered estimate by the non-practitioner can ever be.

The criticism of the craftsman has its obvious defects. Being so near to the object estimated, it may possibly be deficient in what might be called "horizons," and in those superb generalizations which stagger the mind into acceptance of unfamiliar truth. But the technical attitude is one to which no amateur

can attain, and as it is often expressed in the summary phrases which one thinks of as marginalia it is not well represented in the matter of sustained critical works. The craftsman, as I have suggested above, judges quickly, intimately, sometimes capriciously; and his observations are often too casual and fragmentary to produce conviction in the ordinary receptive mind. To other craftsmen his words may give delight, so that these others incline to sneer at the critic who writes from the outside; but to the majority of people, always some years behind the fashion in æsthetic ideals, and to professorial critics (who are a little long-sighted, and who cannot therefore see anything very near to them), the words of the craftsman are arrogant impertinences. It is as though, fussily, he should tell us what to think of his own products. We condemn his egotism, and turn to the comfortable stretchings of men who live in studies and generalize at ease regarding the decadence of contemporary talent. They at least, we feel, estimate original work as of secondary importance to income and good dinners. They at least understand that art must be disciplined by patronage and maintained in all its abnormality, so that it may remain the preoccupation of the few and the sophisticated.

The craftsman is regarded by the general public as mothers are regarded by the hypothetical State: he is to produce the finished article for the general good, and is not to discuss his organism or his rights as an individual. We do not want to hear about them, although we have a furtive interest in his private life, much as we have in the doings of monkeys, or those of dirty promiscuous little flies. If he has views on his craft not generally held by those who use the results of that craft as a relief from ennui, he becomes intolerable. He finds himself ruffled and displeased by the general attitude to all but the moral and sentimental aspects of his work. The poor craftsman, resentful and contemptuous though he may be, is firmly told in reply that works and not theories are his part in life. He is hustled back into his pinafore,

## CONTENTS

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| CRAFTSMEN CRITICS, by Frank Swinnerton   | 201     |
| "RIDICULUS MUS," by L. F. Salzman  | 203     |
| POETRY:  |         |
| Fall, by G. H. Johnstone   | 210     |
| REVIEWS:   |         |
| Mr. Doughty's Poetry   | 204     |
| Psycho-Analysis and the Savage   | 205     |
| Old Holland  | 206     |
| The Naked Man  | 208     |
| From the French  | 209     |
| Woe for the Kings who Conquer!   | 210     |
| Simplicity   | 211     |
| Book-Prices Current  | 211     |
| NOTES FROM IRELAND   | 212     |
| THE RIGHT SORT OF RURAL LIBRARY  | 212     |
| SCIENCE:   |         |
| The Relativity Discussion at the Royal Society   | 213     |
| Societies—Forthcoming Meetings   | 214     |
| FINE ARTS:   |         |
| The Burlington Fine Arts Club, by Roger Fry  | 215     |
| Sir Bartle Frere's Sketches  | 215     |
| Exhibitions of the Week  | 216     |
| Dutch and Venetian Portraits at the National Gallery   | 216     |
| MUSIC:   |         |
| The Rhythm of Opera, by Edward J. Dent   | 217     |
| Concerts   | 218     |
| DRAMA:   |         |
| Some Morals and an Emotion   | 218     |
| Impotent Conclusions   | 219     |
| CORRESPONDENCE:  |         |
| The Cost of Living at Oxford and Cambridge—Shakespeare's Harebell—Art and the School-boy—Ancient British Earthworks in Epping Forest | 219—221 |
| FOREIGN LITERATURE:  |         |
| A Desirable Devil  | 221     |
| Tired Journalism   | 222     |
| Letters from Italy: VII. Panzini, by Guido de Ruggiero   | 222     |
| Ragazzo  | 223     |
| LIST OF NEW BOOKS  | 224—226 |

and is set again to his last. The professional æsthetic critic, brought out from his study by all the racket, explains to our contentment that the craftsman has never been a good critic, that he has not read Aristotle, Lessing, or the Schlegels, and that his judgment is essentially fallacious and eccentric. The critic becomes eloquent about catharsis, the unities, selectiveness, the mythopœic faculty. . . . We are soothed; our excitement is assuaged; and the critic returns to his study in pardonable complacency. Once more he has been a priest, standing between the mysteries and the rabble—the doctor (or midwife) standing between the enfeebled, recently delivered mother and her inquisitive visitors. He, knowing the æsthetic theories of all the professional critics who have ever lived, alone has the right to enter the holy of holies and reveal such of the truth as seems good to him.

This struggle embitters the craftsman, who thinks the critic, in his turn, a very conceited person. He demands to know what the critic has ever done to put his accumulated theories into practice; and he is tempted to talk arrogantly of the Incomprehensible Secret, of the Artist's place in the Universe, and of his sacred calling. That is very unwise. In fact, he makes a fool of himself. There is no Incomprehensible Secret at all. The craftsman works at the bidding of his temperament; the critic no less. The craftsman often, in all humility, exaggerates his own practice into a sufficient theory; the critic sometimes is a man and a theorist before he is a critic. Ideally, he is receptive to all varieties of the craft he studies, distinguishing their qualities with impartiality: really, it is impossible for him to avoid reacting—not merely to the work, but to the personality which is, or which he finds, behind the work, and to any disturbance of his preconceptions. The limitation which has debarred him from executive work is a very powerful one, and it has its serious consequences upon his mind. Absence of a creative impulse does not imply a greater receptivity. It sets bounds to that sympathy which often enables the craftsman to appreciate talent which is personally detestable to him. The critic cannot love all men, and he is perhaps less ready than the practising craftsman to understand the work of one who sets his teeth on edge by conceitedness, or rationalism, or different breeding, or persistence in some unwelcome form or colour-scheme or harmonic idiosyncrasy. Ideally, this should not be so: practically, as it is inevitable, it should be allowed for in all counter-estimates.

Roughly, then, we have the imperfect man practising first and afterwards, in the light of his personal æsthetic experience, criticizing others, or the imperfect man criticizing others in the light of established theories without experience comparable to theirs. I may write about the pangs of birth, and by information gathered from books or narrations plus the use of sympathetic imagination may be able to generalize about mother love; but what I write will never have precise authenticity. The case of the critic is not unlike this. He can watch a craftsman at work, can talk to him, theorize, and believe he understands; but as nobody understands why a perception is transfigured in the execution the critic will always

be talking about something of which his imagination is finite. He must always be working back from the finished article, and relating his apprehension of the individual work to his general conceptions of the proper course of art. Often he will interpret magnificently; he may sweep the skies with a grandiloquent mental gesture; he is very necessary as a trained observer who focuses one craft and reveals it in its proper relation to other crafts; but the craftsman who reads his words, however grateful for praise or understanding of his own work, will generally be more conscious of the critic's limitations than of his merit. Towards the critic who is only a critic he will always show the intolerance of the professional to the sophisticated amateur.

The modern habit, however, may change all this. I can think now of some craftsmen who are very erratic appraisers of other people's work; but they are men or women who belong by instinct to an older and less self-conscious generation of English executants, who throw off their work as a sort of game, and without æsthetic delight. They are more concerned with "getting it across" than with any higher attribute of their craft. The real craftsmen-critics of the present day are fashioned otherwise. Their danger lies in the opposite direction; for they are almost too concerned with technical problems, and care less for emotions and ideas than for the frames within which those emotions and ideas are exemplified. On the whole, however, I believe that the probabilities at the moment are in favour of good criticism, because where you have a genuine, if not very passionate, creative impulse, and a higher level of artistic educatedness than England has hitherto known, you are likely to get in the craftsman-critic a very great deal of imaginative understanding. The long essay of interpretation has gone the way of the Victorian giants. If it revives it will have been purged. It will not have the solemn wrongness of an essay by one of our older critics. But that will be because we shall have escaped from moral and biographical judgments, and shall care more for the thing that has been created. Technical criticism may have its defects, but at any rate it is more imaginative, closer to the original work, and more pungent and alive than a biographical survey and the kind of floating appraisal which, as a revelation, is just dead. The more people know about art and craft, and the more they can understand of their essential nature, the greater will be the appreciation of art in England. That is why, in spite of the obvious dangers of a sterile art, the day seems to me rather happily in the hands of the young craftsmen-critics. On the one hand they avoid the banal; on the other, pretentious nonsense. The world would be well rid of these refuges of mediocrity, and anything which hastens their oblivion is bound to be healthy.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE appointment of Professor W. P. Ker as Professor of Poetry at Oxford will give delight to many even of those who, like ourselves, desire to see the famous chair given occasionally to a poet, for Professor Ker is a scholar and critic of the first rank. His books on the Dark Ages and on Mediæval Literature belong to that rare class of works of scholarship which fascinate the general reader, for they are saturated with a sense of reality.

## "RIDICULUS MUS"

WHEN Dr. Grainger exclaimed, "Now, Muse, let's sing of rats!" Sir Joshua Reynolds and his friends burst into laughter, which was not lessened by the discovery that "rats" was an alteration, *honoris causa*, from the more alliterative "mice." Yet rats and mice and such small deer are no laughing matter, as we have had abundantly impressed upon us by statisticians, who juggle with figures and compute losses in millions with the airy detachment of a departmental official. And as the Pope once launched the anathema of the Church against flies, so—but, let us hope, more effectually—the Government have decided to legislate against rats. Up-to-date methods of destruction are being preached—mainly consisting, apparently, in the widespread scattering of dangerous poisons; but it is possible that we may get a few hints from the practice of our ancestors, especially in the matter of traps, for, as Topsell truly remarks, "it is as necessary, or rather more necessary for most men to know how to take Mice than how to take Elephants" (though, for the benefit of any whose estates are overrun with elephants, I may mention that they can be bird-limed with glue made from certain fish called *Oxyrinchi*, found in the Caspian). The reverend gentleman goes on to describe a number of different traps, including the two following:

Take two smooth boards about the length of thy arm and in breadth half thy arm, but joyn it so together that they may be distant from the lower part in length some four fingers or little less, with two small spindles or clefts, which must be at every end one, and fasten Paper under them, and put a piece of paste therein, having cut overthwart in the middle, but you must not fasten it nigh the middle, and let it be so bound that it may easily be lifted up betwixt the spindles, that if by slipping it should be altered, it might be brought again to the same form. But the two spindles spoken of before ought to be joyned together in the ends above, and beyond them another small spindle to be made, which may hold in the middle a crooked wedge or butten, upon the which may be hanged a piece of Hogs skin, so that one of them may easily be turned upside down with the skin, and put thereunto a little piece of earth or stick, that the Mice may easily come to it. So that how many Mice soever shall come thereto, and to the meat, shall be taken, always by rowling the Paper into his wonted place.

There is an excellent piece of workmanship to catch Mice; which I will here set down: Take a piece of wood, the length of both thy fists, one fist broad and two fingers thick, and let there be cut off about some two fingers, a little beyond the middle of half the breadth. And that breadth where it was cut out to be more declining and lower, after the manner of this letter A. And you must put to the side of this a piece of wood, half a circle long, bending, and in the middle part of each side holes pierced through, so that this half circle may be strait, and plainly placed to the foundation of the wood, that the trap being made, it may rest upon the same half circle, and upon this half circle let there be placed Iron nails very sharp, so that the instrument by falling down may cover the Irons of the half circle as soon as ever they touch the same.

I cannot say that I have used either of these traps myself, so I shall be interested to hear as to their efficacy from anyone who succeeds in making them from these simple instructions: perhaps it should be pointed out that they are intended to catch "the vulgar little Mouse," and should be made proportionately larger for rats, which are similar to mice except in size, and in the fact that "their tail is very

long and almost naked, void of hair, by reason whereof it is not unworthily counted venomous, for it seemeth to partake with the nature of Serpents."

Another method of getting rid of mice is to catch one alive, feed it for some time on the flesh of other mice, and then let it loose, when it will kill and eat all the others. A diet of hips might be equally effectual, for "Mice and Wolves, if they taste of the wilde Rose and drink after it, do not only die but also fall into madness and bite their fellows, communicating the quality of the disease to every one they bite." Incidentally it may be mentioned that "the bitings of Mice are healed by no other means but by green Figs and Garlick being mixed and mingled together, and so anointed thereupon." Even this might not avail against that ravening beast the Shrew, which is so savage that "from the venomous biting of this Beast we have an English Proverb or Imprecation, I beshrow thee, when we curse or wish harm unto any man, that is, that some such evil as the biting of this Mouse may come unto him."

Against the evil that they do may be set such facts as that "of the heads of Mice being burned is made that excellent powder for the scowring and cleansing of the teeth, called Tooth-soap," and that a very simple remedy for "the disease called the Rhume, which falleth down and stuffeth the nostrils," is to kiss the snout of a mouse. They are also occasionally useful as foods—rats being a regular article of diet in a beleaguered city; for instance, "whiles Aniball lay in siege before Casilinum a rat was sold in the towne for two hundred Sesterces: the man who bought it at that price lived, but the partie who sold it for greedinesse of money died for hunger." The moral of this story is excellent and clear, but one cannot help speculating as to the size of the rat. Even in time of peace the Dormouse is a dainty morsel—"sweet and fat like Swine's flesh."

The Dormouse is also morally excellent for the singular piety with which it nourishes its aged parents. For the matter of that, even ordinary mice have a quality "which is denied to many men, namely, to love and to be wise together," as is shown by the way in which, if one of their number falls into the water, the others form a chain, hanging on to each other's tail, to rescue him. There was once a mouse that fell into a tub of ale when no friends were by to save him, and was reduced to calling to a passing cat for help. The cat, not being hungry, agreed to save him if he would swear to give himself up when called upon; this he did, but when the cat, some days later, went to his hole, he refused to come out, and on her indignantly saying, "But you swore you would!" he replied, anticipating Omar, "Indeed I swore, but was I sober when I swore?"

L. F. SALZMAN.

THE little green literary magazine called *Voices* (monthly, 1s. net) begins a new series this month. Henceforward it is to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. One of the great merits of *Voices* is that it is innocent of any suggestion of epatism; its shortcoming is that it seems to lack a critical programme, so that its contents are often heterogeneous. But every number contains its fair quota of good things. We understand that the prosperity of the magazine is largely due to the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the editor, Mr. Thomas Moulton, to whom we wish every success in his gallant enterprise.



## REVIEWS

## MR. DOUGHTY'S POETRY

MANSOUL; OR, THE RIDDLE OF THE WORLD. By Charles M. Doughty. (Selwyn & Blount. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. DOUGHTY, whose poem is more than a little disconcerting, makes quite clear to us one at least of his aims in writing it. He is, he says on the opening page of "Mansoul," one of "Colin's crew"; and in the final vision of the poem, in which he sees two youths celebrating Chaucer and Spenser, he declares his intention in these unmistakable words:

Chanted his fere an hymn, when this had ceased,  
Of HEAVENLY BEAUTY: with soft warbling voice.  
(How I admired the turning of each verse!)  
Of Edmund, my lodestar, the ditty was:  
(Whose Art is mine endeavour to restore.)  
He who descendant sang, among his shepherd peers;  
As lavrock doth, which lifted up of Love  
In spires exulteth in the Element;  
Devoid of all offence of grounding flesh.

The description of Spenser's achievement in the last four lines is important because Mr. Doughty's poetic style is in many respects un-Spenserian to an extreme. He makes use, it is true, of many Spenserian words; but the use he makes of them is singular. For instance the word "fere" (companion), which is in the passage we have quoted, occurs, we believe, but four times in the whole of Spenser's works. In "Mansoul" it appears at least a dozen times. Mr. Doughty is, therefore, deliberately archaizing.

That is the first great difference between Mr. Doughty and his exemplar. Spenser was not in the least an archaist; on the contrary, he was one of the boldest of poetical innovators, in language and in rhythm. His work is strewn with words which he invented and attempted to acclimatize. Mr. Doughty, on the other hand, would have us back not merely to Spenser, after whom, he considers, English poetry degenerated, but a good way beyond Chaucer. He employs Anglo-Saxon alliteration freely: "His fingers formed First fathers of the World; and breath of life, In their clay breasts he breathed." His language is, in the main, Anglo-Saxon, and though he evidently admires Spenser's melody, he is generally at some pains not to admit it into his own poetry. The general result is that Mr. Doughty is a good deal more difficult for a modern to read than any part of Spenser. Spenser is limpid, Mr. Doughty (except in certain passages which shall be discussed hereafter) decidedly obscure. He wages a war of extermination against the article, and is quite ruthless in his inversions of the verb.

This obscurity is purely linguistic; once the barrier of archaism is pierced, the sense is plain, and indeed the contrast between the elaborate castellation and the unadorned straightforwardness of the interior is a little curious. In seeking an explanation of this, Mr. Doughty's conception of Spenser's genius as a purity undefiled by Chaucer's grossness—"Yet sooth to say, not all commendable is, That Geoffrey writ: too oft he speaketh full large"—may help a little, and another gleam is shed by his dismissal of Spenser's successors as lacking "fullness of Vision and diviner's art." Evidently, to Mr. Doughty, the substance of poetry is pure and simple, a cool white light rather than a stained radiance. There is a sense, we believe, in which this is true, but it is a sense different from Mr. Doughty's. The quality he seems to desiderate is the final achievement and not the preliminary condition of poetry; an ultimate lucidity is born of the intensity of the poet's contemplation of a material which is by no means pure and stainless. It is impossible to submit experience to a preliminary process of sterilization before

the poetic spirit works upon it—impossible, that is, if the final achievement is to have the lucidity which is permanently significant.

We suspect that Mr. Doughty's lucidity is not of this high order. Our suspicion is not based on these opinions of his, but is merely confirmed by them. When we try to look deeper into the structure and the argument of "Mansoul" we are baffled by the sense that there are no depths. There are fine episodes, but each is a thing apart, strengthening no echoes of what went before and itself awakening no reverberations. This feeling of an underlying jejuneity may be due in part to a half-conscious process of comparison; but the comparison is unavoidable. For Mr. Doughty takes Mansoul into the underworld to confront him with the wise men of the past, from whom he may seek an answer to the riddle of life. Such an apparatus must inevitably put us in mind of the terrific uses to which it has been turned by some of the great poets of the world, and we cannot help being sensible of an alarming shrinkage in the scope of the modern poet's vision. By the aid of Merlin's glass Mansoul may see a more exact historical pageant than any of Mr. Doughty's predecessors, but it is a pageant curiously deficient in the quality of awe, perhaps even of elementary proportion. For breadth of vision seems to have reduced almost to the ridiculous condition of a squint when Kaiser Wilhelm is envisaged as the arch-villain of the drama of the ages:

A mountebank felon, crowned, was their High Captain;  
Worm! arrogating style, to his mad self;  
Of Deputy Ruler of Gods Universe.  
Frown of whose Tamerlanish countenance;  
He deemed, as he struts forth, should quell the World.  
Worlds crime, this long had cherished, he hugged close.  
While-ere, fond childhoods whisper, in false breast;  
Dark fantasy inflaming his presumptuous youth;  
And working ever since, in his recreant thought.

There is, we suppose, no reason why patriotism of the more intense and exclusive kind should not inspire high poetry; but an emotion of this kind must be isolated. Unless it can be given the ideal scope of Virgil's glorification of the Roman *imperium* or Wordsworth's vindication of England, it is utterly discordant in a poem which professes to ponder the destinies of humanity.

In short, Mr. Doughty's epic, considered as an epic with a challenging title, suffers from an essential vacuity. The high argument is never convincing. Instead of feeling, as we are told Minimus, the actual narrator, felt, that we ourselves are vitally involved in Mansoul's sublime quest, we are too often conscious of him as a vague importunate, who questions rather shadowy impersonators of great men and receives the monotonous answer "Be good." From what we ourselves know of them, they had something more arresting to say. This is, we admit, a somewhat extreme view of the fundamentals of Mr. Doughty's poem, and we do not deny that Mansoul's encounters with the shades often have a different dignity; but the fact that a slightly comic vision of them is sometimes not only possible to have, but impossible to escape, is fatal to the success of the poet's main intention.

So much for Mr. Doughty's failure; now for his achievement. That passionate love of England which on the epic plane so desperately distorts the structure of his poem, on the narrative plane inspires passages of pure and pellucid beauty, where the deliberate affiliation of himself to Spenser has helped, not hindered, the miracle. From turgid Mr. Doughty's language becomes clear; an exquisite fitness descends upon it. From rugged and harsh it changes to musical in despite of the author's impossible punctuation. All his arduous archaizing, which elsewhere attains so spasmodically to success, here has a deep appropriateness, for latinities have added nothing to the power of our language for

natural description. The style and the matter are beautifully congruous:

And having slaked thereat mine eager thirst;  
I slumbered till a turtles' gentle flock  
That feared not yet Mans shape; folding from flight  
Their rattling wings; lighted on vermeil feet;  
Jetting, with mincing pace, their iris necks;  
With crooling throat-bole; voice of peace and rest;  
All round about me, at that their drinking-place.  
Thence faring upward, towards that waters' source;  
Which, full of sunbeams, gurgles from hid grot,  
In ivy-embow'ed mossy steep above:  
And oft sunk up, reneweth as oft her course;  
In channels clear; surging from gilded sand;  
I stayed, where pleasant grassy holms depart;  
Those streaming waters, bordered all along;  
With daphne and willow herb, sweet sedge, laughing robin;  
With woodbind garlanded and sweet eglantine,  
And azure-hewed in creeky shallows still,  
Forget-me-nots lift our frail thoughts to heaven.  
Broods o'er those thymy eyots drowsy hum.  
Bourdon of glistering bees, in mails of gold.  
Labouring from sweet to sweet, in the long hours  
Of sunny heat; they sound their shrill small clarions.  
And hurl by booming dows, gross bee-fly kin;  
(Broad girded, diverse hewed, in their long pelts;)  
That solitary, whiles there light endureth,  
In Summer skies, each becking clover-tuft haunt.

Mr. Doughty has not one but many passages of this authentic beauty. Power, ease, mastery, the ability to strike the note unerringly—these are his whenever he turns to describe and celebrate the nature in which he delights. In this he may truly claim to be one of "Colin's crew."

And here too, we think, Mr. Doughty fulfils his own Spenserian ideal. He also seems to be "lifted up of love," and certainly he is "devoid of all offence of groundling flesh." There is a white austerity in his vision of nature, an incisive outline in his pictures of flowers and creatures of the earth, which marks the closeness of his community with the Spenser who wrote:

And each one had a little wicker basket  
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,  
And with five Fingers cropt full featusly  
The tender stalks on hys.  
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,  
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,  
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,  
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose tiew,  
With store of vermeil Roses,  
To deck their Bridgromes posies . . .

On this side Mr. Doughty is a true poet sprung of a great line. He is with Spenser as Mr. Hardy is with Shakespeare; with Shelley as Mr. Hardy is with Keats. But on the philosophic side, in respect of that authentic quality of great poetry which Arnold called "criticism of life" and which we call "comprehension," he falls woefully short both of his own ancestors and of Mr. Hardy and his. It might be tempting to trace the deficiency to an appreciation of Spenser that is, in our judgment, as partial as it is passionate; but that is not the order of things. Some essential faculty for truly comprehensive experience has been omitted from Mr. Doughty's composition, and the bias of his mentality has led him to a profound, but exclusive and biased passion for his master. Disdaining too much of life, he has conceived of too much as non-existent, with the result that "Mansoul" is far from being, as it should be, and as we believe it was courageously intended to be, co-extensive with the soul of man.

J. M. M.

ON Tuesday next at 3 o'clock Professor Ernest Wilson begins a course of two lectures at the Royal Institution on "Magnetic Susceptibility"; on Thursday, the 19th, Mr. A. H. Smith delivers the first of two lectures on "Ancient Greek and Roman Life"; and on Saturday, the 21st, Sir J. J. Thomson begins a course of six lectures on "Positive Rays." The Friday evening discourse on February 20 will be delivered by Dr. E. J. Russell on "British Crop Production."

## PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND THE SAVAGE

TOTEM AND TABOO: RESEMBLANCES BETWEEN THE PSYCHIC LIVES OF SAVAGES AND NEUROTICS. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE ordinary Englishman, if his traducers are to be believed, has no use for a theory until it obviously pays. Be this as it may, psycho-analysis as a branch of medicine is now generally acknowledged in this country to be productive of good results; and with the psycho-analytic method the name of Freud is permanently associated. Great pioneer as he is, however, he cannot be supposed to have once for all demonstrated the principles on which the fortunate experiments of himself and others with neurotic patients have hitherto been carried out. The explanation of the psycho-analytic therapeutics is still in the making; and no one could show himself more ready than does Professor Freud himself to recognize this, his investigations being conducted throughout in the spirit of the strictest science. The present work may be regarded as a test devised by him in order to verify his provisional assumptions by reference to a fresh region of experience. If the laws that seem to hold good in the case of those afflicted by hysteria or by shell-shock are not impugned, but, on the contrary, corroborated, when we pass clean beyond the sphere of the pathological, and study perfectly healthy and normal, if uncivilized human beings, then the proof is advanced as it were by a whole stage. Incidentally, an independent body of workers is consulted, and the effects of such bias as all specialization of training and of the direction of interest must involve are to a corresponding extent eliminated.

The main contentions of the psycho-analytic school of thought may be briefly and untechnically stated as follows. We possess a number of inherited impulses which the conditions of life do not allow us to satisfy impartially, so that there is conflict between them and some are suppressed. Though suppressed, however, these remain latent in the mind, and, so far as the supreme controlling power fails to act, are subject as it were to leakage. Such leakage relieves the tension, and is thus in itself pleasant. But, from the standpoint of the controlling will, which legislates for the whole man, the surreptitious impulse is an escaped criminal. The latter must at least conform outwardly to standards of respectability if he is to be tolerated. Meanwhile, the psycho-analysts form a detective force whose business is to discover the wicked desire under all its disguises; it being hoped—and from a practical point of view this is the crux of the matter—that such discovery will lead to the removal of the pest. Now certain situations are specially apt to occasion conflict in the depths of our being. Our emotional attitude towards them is, in Freudian language, ambivalent. We desire and reject, love and hate, at once; though, as such a self-contradictory mood is unbearable, one of the contrasted feelings has to go under and, if we can manage it, stay under altogether. It may easily give us the slip, however, by adopting the mask of a virtue. In that case we indulge in it and are so far vicious without knowing it—vicious, that is, from the standpoint of the conscious policy whereby we seek to satisfy our nature as a whole.

Now the savage, like the child, and like the hysterical patient, is easily seen to be relatively deficient in self-control; so that emotional leakages are likely to occur in the case of the individual, and likewise to display their effects in the social life. On the other hand, if savage human nature is weak as regards its inner system of controls, it makes up for it by submitting to a formidable mechanism of external restraints. Custom is king, nay tyrant. Moreover, custom abounds in negative prescriptions. Taboo,

namely, the rule "Thou shalt not, because thou shalt not," invades every corner of private and public life. Meanwhile, such conscious policy as directs affairs is at best purblind, tradition, like a pedantic schoolmaster, insisting needlessly on trifles. No wonder that "nature will not"—that outraged feelings find a vent, the bad ones being reinforced by many that are good or at least indifferent.

Let us consider, for example, the taboos connected with burial and mourning. The convention is that the dead must be mourned; that the removal of a member of the group must be treated as a loss, even if it be notorious that the deceased was a detrimental. Dislike for the dead being barred as such, can it not discharge itself by some secret channel? Consequently men are led to think of the dead as hateful, as vampires that persecute the living; so that it becomes positively meritorious to hate them. The psychological process involved is one that Freud would term "displacement by projection," our own feelings being reflected by the object which the phantasy creates. It is a step further if we follow him in his attempt to find the ultimate ground of this ambiguous attitude towards the dead in his so-called "father-complex," according to which father and son are in one aspect of their relation enemies because rivals.

Or, again, we may take the case of the taboos bearing on kingship. Without going far below the surface, we can discover hidden motives why the king should be envied and therefore hated, even while the duty of honouring him as a great man dominates the field of attention. So the primitive king plays the great man at a certain cost of personal comfort. Society sees to that, thereby working off its spite more or less unawares on the object of its ambivalent affections. The Timmes of Sierra Leone according to Sir James Frazer, administer a beating to their elected king on the evening of his coronation. Thus are the seats of the mighty rendered uneasy, literally or metaphorically, throughout the savage world.

Other classes of taboos which this book discusses must be passed over, in order to leave room for some consideration of Freud's crucial instance, namely, the incest-taboo, as embodied in the institution of exogamy and in those curious avoidances which obtain among relatives by blood or marriage. Exogamy is treated by Freud in connection with totemism, though he is well aware that many authorities believe the two, even if usually found together, to be in no wise causally connected. The study of certain animal phobias displayed by neurotics leads him to suppose that the totem is the surrogate or substituted equivalent for the father who is the rival for the mother's love. The incest-prohibition is enforced, but the surrogate is sacrificed by way of vicarious vengeance. On the other hand, such a discharge of wicked hate provokes remorse, and this in turn reinforces the incest-feeling, so as henceforth to put group-sisters on the same plane of sacredness as group-mothers. The merits and defects of the theory are to be appreciated only by a careful study of its details. If it appear fantastic, this is perhaps due not so much to the psychological handling, which is masterly throughout, as to the attempt to affiliate it to Atkinson's imaginary picture of the sire of the horde who kicked out his sons at pairing time until at last he succumbed to their combined attack—a "just-so story" which is no better and no worse than many a savage myth on the same subject.

Apart from the particular solutions which it offers, the book will be valuable to the anthropologist as providing him with a new method, or, at any rate, with an improved method, of analysing those emotional attitudes of the savage which have been long known to involve a dualism—a pivoting, as it were, between impulses that pull opposite ways. On the other hand, whether Freud's application of the notion of infantilism to the savage can be accepted

is highly doubtful, more especially where it is mainly a question of comparing the manifestations of the sex-impulse in the very young. The savage may be like a child in some respects, but he is in no sense sexually immature. Hence the analogy—and the so-called recapitulation theory at best provides an analogy—breaks down completely just at the point at which it is needed most. For, stripped of its implications concerning sex, as embodied in the doctrine of the Œdipus complex and so on, the Freudian interpretation leaves anthropology very much where it was before, as regards the ultimate origins of exogamy, totemism and so forth—namely, in the dark. Meanwhile, the psycho-analytic method stands, whether its present results are fully acceptable or not; and, as handled here by a master, can be studied fruitfully by all, whatever value they may attach to the conclusions actually reached.

R. R. M.

## OLD HOLLAND

HENRY FOX, FIRST LORD HOLLAND. By the Earl of Ilchester. 2 vols. (Murray. 32s. net.)

**F**EW politicians have left a more sinister reputation behind them than Henry Fox. In his last years the Livery of the City of London denounced him as "the public defaulter of unaccounted millions," and though their case fell through from lack of evidence, the slur remained. Just after his death the gentle Gray drew on the recollection of a visit to Kingsgate, Fox's group of architectural monstrosities near Margate, and penned the bitter lampoon beginning:

Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,  
Here Holland formed the pious resolution  
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend  
A broken character and constitution.

Castlereagh, it may be, was more actively odious when he died, but subsequent research has gone far to rehabilitate Castlereagh's memory, as regards his management of foreign affairs, at any rate. The dust of depreciation has remained undisturbed on Fox's grave, except for the half-hearted flick of Macaulay's broom. "He was," wrote the essayist in 1844, "the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than any of them, but because he canted less." And even with that qualification, Macaulay concluded that "as a public man he has no title to esteem."

Lord Ilchester has far too keen a sense of historical justice to attempt to whitewash this grimy figure. He makes fairly enough such points as can be made, and on one important point he conclusively acquits Henry Fox. He was not, despite John Wilkes and Alderman Beckford, a public defaulter. "He had nowhere exceeded his rights. The morality of his manipulation of the Pay Office funds can be called in question, but not the legality." He was, in short, what we should call nowadays a war profiteer, made additionally obnoxious because he had executed his own and Lord Bute's vengeance on the Duke of Newcastle by a proscription which, in Macaulay's picturesque phrase, "extended to tide-waiters, to gaugers, to door-keepers." But even if the outcry against Fox was exaggerated, Macaulay's verdict holds good; he has no title to esteem as a public man. His career may remind some of Fanny Burney's deterioration in fiction from a merry limpidity to the vilest Johnsonese. It may remind others of the decline of Millais from the painter of Ophelia to the facile pot-boiler. At all events, he is a study in degeneration, a degeneration not to be excused by advancing years or indigent circumstances. He began so well as one of Walpole's young men, remaining faithful to his chief after his fall, unlike Bubb Dodginton and others whose baseness he eagerly resented. Under the Pelhams he



acquired the reputation of a first-class debater (with good temper as a valuable asset) who, as was afterwards said of Peel, could play on the House of Commons like an old fiddle. Then he began to go wrong, and Lord Ilchester has every excuse for hesitating to indicate the precise turning-point. Fox clearly tricked Pitt during the whirl of intrigue that followed Henry Pelham's death, but apart from incompatibility of character, could the pair have acted together to any purpose? They would have had to find a Duke, and though honest mediocrity was available in his Grace of Devonshire, whose resemblance to his more famous successor is so close as to be laughable, they had ultimately to take service under the Duke of Newcastle, the Mazarin of English history.

Pitt, secure in his mastery of foreign and war policy, could use Newcastle pretty much as he pleased, but Fox could not. He had first to act under the Duke as a dis-trusted and circumscribed henchman, leading the House without authority, and with no voice in that "tickling of the palm" which he so well understood, and next to accept the Paymastership, which meant the end of all his political ambitions. Given the conditions of eighteenth-century politics, a man of Fox's origin could not hope for independence. Though he eloped with a Duke's daughter, the aristocracy never accepted him as an equal. He was to them "the footman's son"—a gross libel, since his father, old Stephen, had begun life as a page, a different matter altogether—exactly as Canning was afterwards "the actress's son." And so Fox had always to be somebody's "man," first the Duke of Cumberland's, then Newcastle's, then Bute's. No wonder that honourable hopes died within him, and he was content to be idle and grow rich. He might have ended much as St. Aldwyn, Goschen and other superannuated statesmen have faded out in our time, if Bute had not pitched on him to push through the House a peace which, though reasonable in itself, was unpopular through the glamour of Pitt's influence. Fox brought to the task an efficiency in corruption acquired in the school of Walpole and Old Scrope, combined with a vindictiveness peculiar to himself. There must, as Lord Ilchester remarks, have been a vein of latent cruelty in his composition. Retribution, at any rate, came swiftly upon him in the shape of a bare peerage when he had hoped for a Viscountship with, perchance, the Privy Seal as well, and a retirement spent in whimperings for an earldom, sneers at his enemies, before whom he certainly did not quail, and lamentations over the ingratitude of his associates. To quote Gray once more:

"Ah," said the sighing peer, "had Bute been true,  
Nor Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's friendship vain!"

Only, from the correspondence published by Lord Ilchester, it is clear that for "Mungo" we should read Calcraft, and for "Bradshaw," Shelburne. But *stet* Rigby. His parting was characteristically brutal. "You tell your story of Shelburne; he has a damned one to tell of you; I do not trouble myself which is the truth." And on he drove.

Holland's groans over the deserters came from his heart. He was a genuinely affectionate man, lavish both with his feelings and his purse. Early in life he offered to hand over half his salary as Secretary-at-War to his brother, Lord Ilchester. The answer was a grateful refusal, and, "Whatever you do save, for God's sake, save it for your children." In the heyday of his wealth he lent money right and left, amongst others to George Selwyn and Edmund Burke, and though the loans were on a four per cent. basis, he seldom troubled about the interest. He reminds one in his open-handedness rather of the Fouquet of Dumas' "Vicomte de Bragelonne," a character drawn with close fidelity to history. What is more, Henry Fox had the merit of gathering round him an uncommonly

interesting circle of intimates. Among his earlier allies were Lord Hervey, Harry Pelham, Hanbury-Williams, Winnington and Horace Walpole. Lord Ilchester is too much inclined to take our knowledge of these men for granted. It would have been worth while, for example, to distinguish the real Lord Hervey, ill-conditioned creature though he was, from Pope's "Sporus,"

And he himself one vile antithesis.

Winnington, by all accounts, was a charming fellow, and Horace Walpole considered him as marked out to be Prime Minister of England. For Hanbury-Williams we have to go far afield, to Archdeacon Coxe's "History of Monmouthshire." Yet he was a curious combination of wit, free-thinker, diplomatist and writer of excellent light verse. His political squibs are fairly familiar through quotation, but equally pointed are such social skits as the Ode to Henry Fox, containing a once famous attack on the "Milesian race":

Nature, indeed, denies them sense,  
But gives them legs, and impudence  
That beats all understanding.

If, however, Lord Ilchester has somewhat neglected Fox's earlier friends, there was no call for him to say much about George Selwyn, Gilly Williams, as it would appear, and—until the fatal breach—Rigby and Lord Shelburne. We get a not unexpected glimpse of Rigby drinking till two in the morning. Lady Hervey, who was long-lived, seems to run through the whole story; but the eccentric Lady Mary Coke, who might have been expected to make an appearance, does not do so. With her home at what is now called Aubrey House, she was a near neighbour of the Hollands, who gave her some land to round off the little estate on which the shrubs were pulled up by malevolent raiders, and the ducks mysteriously died.

Kind-hearted man though he was, there was a good deal of the *arriviste* about Henry Fox. He ostentatiously patronized art, but it would seem that the evidence of his dealings with Reynolds, Hogarth, Allan Ramsay and other painters has vanished. Hogarth may have taken his portrait twice, since, besides the picture at Holland House, an apparent replica "in the possession of Mr. Samuel Ireland" was etched by Haynes in 1782. In addition to a taste for art, Fox cultivated gardening to a good purpose, with the help of Kent and Charles Hamilton; but his building, as illustrated by Pouncey's quaint view of Kingsgate, vied in atrocity with Sir Francis Dashwood's experiments at West Wycombe. The general tone of Holland House had the profiteer's note in it, and "money no object" was written over it all. The parents, or at least the father, deliberately spoiled the children, with the result of dire unhappiness as death drew near them. Lady Holland saw farther ahead than her *poco curante* husband, and the sincerity of her warnings comes as a welcome relief to the artificiality of much eighteenth-century correspondence. It is not often that one meets there so strong a phrase as "You have already among you had almost our all." Lady Holland, unfortunately, does not seem to have exercised much influence, and the fascinating group danced away to its fate. But what wonderful creatures they are! Lady Sarah Lennox (Lady Holland's sister), having missed a king, leaves her husband for a lover, taking her infant daughter with her. Lady Susan Strangways (Lord Holland's niece) runs away with a handsome actor after a serious attack on Charles's heart. Then there is Charles—but it is needless, after Sir George Trevelyan, to say anything about him—and Stephen; but beyond that he had a virtuosity in the art of going to the devil it is difficult to say much about Ste. *Mutatis mutandis*, they are not unlike the characters in Mr. Maltby's bright comedy "The Rotters," but with the important difference that they never made the smallest attempt to keep up appearances.

Ll. S.

## THE NAKED MAN

WILLIAM BLAKE THE MAN. By Charles Gardner. (Dent. 10s. 6d net.)

THIS book is not well written, and it is not a complete success in the attempt implied by the title. It is a readable short biography, not a critique; it is an honest, and not, indeed, a useless book. There is very little to which exception need be taken, and at least it does not set us on the wrong tack. We are not led to believe that Blake was abnormal or hallucinated; we are not encouraged to take too seriously the fact that the infant Blake saw angels in the foliage of Peckham Rye, or to believe that his method of composition was automatic writing. We are left unsatisfied; the book displays no profound analytic ability. But it allows the important fact to appear: that Blake's mind was a perfectly sane mind of abnormal intensity and strong passions, occupied with intelligible objects, and appearing under peculiar conditions, and conditions in some ways peculiarly favourable.

The conception of Blake extracted from Mr. Gardner's book or from any tolerable biography is confirmed by re-reading Blake's poems from beginning to end. If one follows Blake's mind through the several stages of his poetic development it is impossible to regard him as a naïf, a wild man, a wild pet for the supercultivated. The strangeness is evaporated, the peculiarity is seen to be the peculiarity of all great poetry: something which is found (not everywhere) in Homer and Æschylus and Dante and Villon, and profound and concealed in the work of Shakespeare—and also in another form in Montaigne and in Spinoza. It is merely a peculiar honesty, which, in a world too frightened to be honest, is peculiarly terrifying. It is an honesty which the whole world conspires against, because it is unpleasant. Blake's poetry has the unpleasantness of great poetry. Nothing that can be called morbid or abnormal or perverse, none of the things which exemplify the sickness of an epoch or a fashion, have this quality; only those things which, by some extraordinary labour of simplification, exhibit the essential sickness or strength of the human soul. And this honesty never exists without great technical accomplishment. The question about Blake the man is the question of the circumstances that concurred to permit this honesty in his work, and what circumstances define its limitations. The favouring conditions probably include these two: that being early apprenticed to a manual occupation, he was not compelled to acquire any other education in literature than he wanted or to acquire it for any other reason than that he wanted it; and that being a humble engraver, he had no journalistic-social career open to him.

There was, that is to say, nothing to distract him from his interests or to corrupt these interests: neither the ambitions of parents or wife, nor the standards of society, nor the temptations of success; nor was he exposed to imitation of himself or of anyone else. These circumstances—not his supposed inspired and untaught spontaneity—are what make him innocent. His early poems show what the poems of a boy of genius ought to show, immense power of assimilation. Such early poems are not, as usually supposed, crude attempts to do something beyond the boy's capacity; they are, in the case of a boy of real promise, more likely to be quite mature and successful attempts to do something small. So with Blake, his early poems are technically admirable, and their originality is in an occasional rhythm. The verse of "Edward III." deserves study. But his affection for certain Elizabethans is not so surprising as his affinity with the very best work of his own century. He is very like Collins,

he is very eighteenth-century. The poem "Whether on Ida's shady brow" is eighteenth-century work; the movement, the weight of it, the syntax, the choice of words—

*The languid strings do scarcely move!  
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!*

this is contemporary with Grey and Collins, it is the poetry of a language which has undergone the discipline of prose; it is not remote from Landor. Blake up to twenty is decidedly a traditional.

Blake's beginnings as a poet, then, are as normal as the beginnings of Shakespeare. His method of composition, in his mature work, is exactly like that of other poets. He has an idea (a feeling, an image), he develops it by accretion or expansion, alters his verse often, and hesitates often over the final choice. The idea, of course, simply comes, but upon arrival it is subjected to prolonged manipulation. In the first phase Blake is concerned with verbal beauty; in the second he becomes the apparent naïf, really the mature intelligence. It is only when the ideas become more automatic, come more freely and are less manipulated that we begin to suspect their origin, to suspect that they spring from a shallower source.

The Songs of Innocence and of Experience, and the poems from the Rossetti manuscript, are the poems of a man with a profound interest in human emotions, and a profound knowledge of them. The emotions are presented in an extremely simplified, abstract form. This form is one illustration of the eternal struggle of art against education, of the literary artist against the continuous deterioration of language.

It is important that the artist should be highly educated in his own art; but his education is one that is hindered rather than helped by the ordinary processes of society which constitute education for the ordinary man. For these processes consist largely in the acquisition of impersonal ideas which obscure what we really are and feel, what we really want, and what really excites our interest. It is of course not the actual information acquired, but the conformity which the accumulation of knowledge is apt to impose, that is harmful. Tennyson is a very fair example of a poet almost wholly encrusted with parasitic opinion, almost wholly merged into his environment. Blake, on the other hand, knew what interested him, and he therefore presents only the essential, only, in fact, what can be presented, and need not be explained. And because he was not distracted, or frightened, or occupied in anything but exact statement, he understood. He was naked, and saw man naked, and from the centre of his own crystal. To him there was no more reason why Swedenborg should be absurd than Locke. He accepted Swedenborg, and eventually rejected him, for reasons of his own. He approached everything with a mind unclouded by current opinions. There was nothing of the superior person about him. This makes him terrifying.

But if there was nothing to distract him from sincerity there were, on the other hand, the dangers to which the naked man is exposed. His philosophy, like his visions, like his insight, like his technique, was his own. And accordingly he was inclined to attach more importance to it than an artist should; this is what makes him eccentric, and makes him inclined to formlessness.

*But most through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse,*

is the naked vision;

*Love seeketh only self to please,  
To bind another to its delight,  
Joys in another's loss of ease,  
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite,*

is the naked observation; and "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is naked philosophy, presented. But Blake's occasional marriages of poetry and philosophy are not so felicitous.

He who would do good to another must do it in Minute Particulars. General Good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer; For Art and Science cannot exist but in minutely organised particulars. . . .

One feels that the form is not well chosen. The borrowed philosophy of Dante and Lucretius is perhaps not so interesting, but it injures their form less. Blake did not have that more Mediterranean gift of form which knows how to borrow as Dante borrowed his theory of the soul; he must needs create a philosophy as well as a poetry. A similar formlessness attacks his draughtsmanship. The fault is most evident, of course, in the longer poems—or rather, the poems in which structure is important. You cannot create a very large poem without introducing a more impersonal point of view, or splitting it up into various personalities. But the weakness of the long poems is certainly not that they are too visionary, too remote from the world. It is that Blake did not see enough, became too much occupied with ideas. But even these poems evince an intelligence more powerful, in its way, than that of, let us say, either Tennyson or Browning.

T. S. E.

## FROM THE FRENCH

FLÈURS-DE-LYS: A BOOK OF FRENCH POETRY. Freely translated into English Verse by Wilfrid Thorley. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

**T**HERE are certain subjects which the reviewer cannot approach with too much caution. To express a definite opinion on questions of metre, philology, bibliophily or, finally, translation is to run into the dangers that await the mountaineer on a sun-warmed slope of snow: a single step too decisively taken may bring down a whole enormous avalanche. Over the apparently firm surface of these subjects one must walk delicately, non-committally, for fear of the controversies. For it may be laid down as a literary law that the impetus, the weight and the duration of a controversy increase in inverse ratio to the actuality and immediate importance of the subject under discussion. No man will lightly and recklessly let loose those evil passions which a controversy on the spelling of Virgil's name, on the trochee in English versification, on the derivation of place-names or the translation of classical poetry infallibly unchains. It is, therefore, with modesty and in a tentative, unemphatic way that we venture to comment on Mr. Thorley's theory and practice of translation.

Plainly formulated in the introduction to the present volume, this is his theory:

The real task of a translator is that of re-creating, and unless he can bring to his original as much as he takes from it, he had far better leave it alone. To a strict scholar this definition of translation may appear to be just what translation is not; but though the makers of mere cribs have their uses, they are not such as concern permanent literature, nor do they help us at all to a relish of its savour.

Turning now to practice, we naturally put the question provoked by the foregoing statement of theory: What does Mr. Thorley bring with him to his task? and, more generally, What ought a translator to bring? Clearly, then, he ought to bring not only a sense of verse, a power of self-expression, but also, if, like Mr. Thorley, he undertakes to translate the poetry of different epochs, a sense of history, of the profound difference between individuals and ages. Mr. Thorley brings with him a considerable measure of both these faculties. He has not brought quite enough to save him from occasional failures. His successes—and there are many of them—are

remarkable. Here, for example, is his version of Ronsard's "Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle":

When thou art old and bye the fire alone  
Bent o'er the candle thou dost twirl the skeine,  
Then shalt thou quaver with bewilder'd brayne  
Howe Ronsard sang thy loveliness long gone:  
Then if thy servant hear my lover's moan  
Though toil doth drowse her, yet at that sweet strayne  
She shall arise to honour thy dead swaine,  
And give thy name immortal benison.  
I shall be buried and long turned to claye  
Under dark myrtle-trees wherebye I rest;  
Whyle thou beside the hearth with shrunken breast  
Bewail'st the love that thou didst spurn awaye;  
Then hearken nowe to thy true love's behest:  
Gather the roses of thy lyfe to-day.

He has, in these lines, admirably caught that easy, melodious eloquence of which the Renaissance was so lavish. It would be possible to cite plenty of instances in Mr. Thorley's volume where his power of expression and historical sense have come together to produce a completely adequate rendering. Where he fails, the failure—so it seems to us—is due to some default in the sense of history; a failure to perceive, or at least to render, the specific quality which distinguishes one artist from another.

We will take as an example the translation of Théophile Gautier's "Terza Rima." The following nine lines of

Frère, voilà pourquoi les poètes, souvent,  
Buttent à chaque pas sur les chemins du monde:  
Les yeux fichés au ciel, ils s'en vont en rêvant.  
Les anges, secouant leur chevelure blonde,  
Penchent leur front sur eux et leur tendent les bras,  
Et les veulent baiser avec leur bouche ronde.  
Eux marchent au hasard et font mille faux pas;  
Ils cognent les passants, se jettant sous les roues,  
Ou tombent dans les puits qu'ils n'aperçoivent pas—

are rendered thus by Mr. Thorley:

Brother, behold why poets suffer sore,  
With feet that falter on the world's hard road:  
For ever on high heaven do they pore.  
And angels shaking their gold locks abroad,  
Lean over them with sheltering arms held wide  
And round mouths ready with a kiss from God.  
They follow random ways with random stride,  
Bruised by the wheels or fellow farers' ire,  
Or fallen on pitfalls by them unspied.

Here Mr. Thorley has brought with him a facile sweetness of his own, has immersed Gautier in the syrup and pulled him out transformed into a very passable English equivalent of Lamartine. We grant that it is impossible to translate literally: "Eux marchent au hasard et font mille faux pas." At the same time it is necessary to find in English an adequate equivalent. "They follow random ways with random stride" has a vague, "poetic" quality which utterly fails to express the directness of Gautier, the simplicity which is the result of perfect technical achievement. Mr. Thorley's power of fluent expression gets the better of his sense of history. What he brings with him obscures what he takes. Thus Rimbaud's

Je ne parlerai pas, je ne penserai rien,  
Mais l'amour infini me montera dans l'âme,

becomes:

I shall not speak a word, no thought shall fill the heart or head  
of me,  
But love shall flow and fill my soul with its o'erbrimming tide.  
The imported element is positively destructive in Mr. Thorley's version of the "Brise Marine" of Mallarmé. "I have linked up his ellipses with threads of my own weaving"—with the result that the sense of the original is, at one important juncture, completely altered.

But to harp on Mr. Thorley's failures is ungenerous. Let us rather express our surprise and admiration that in a volume so large and so varied the failures are not more numerous and more complete.

A. L. H.



## WOE FOR THE KINGS WHO CONQUER!

MY DIARIES. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.—Part Two, 1900 to 1914. (Secker. 21s. net.)

**I**N reviewing the first volume of Mr. Blunt's diaries (ATHENÆUM, October 3, 1919) we spoke of its sparkles and its radiance, and its occasional flicker of malice. Malice again flickers through the pages of the second volume, and, though the pen and the mind of the diarist show slight traces of the inevitable stiffness of age, they are still agile enough to keep the reader always interested and frequently amused. When, however, one looks back at these 500 pages in the bulk, one feels that "amused" is an incongruous epithet to apply to one's attitude to them. For fifty pages, perhaps, the book amuses, but the deeper one goes the less is one amused by Mr. Blunt's little stories and little sketches, little brilliancies and little purple patches. The interest of this volume is mainly social and historical and no one who reads it can fail to feel that he is a spectator of and participant in a tragedy—one of the greatest and most sordid—of human history and society. There seems to be some truth in the old theory that at regular intervals civilizations rise and flourish only to become corrupt, decadent and moribund. Mr. Blunt himself, when he contemplated the daily life of his friend the Duchess, was conscious that he was living in a moribund or lunatic age. "This sort of society cannot last, it will end in Bedlam," he ejaculates helplessly in 1908. Bedlam came six years later; the inmates for five years passed through the well-known stage of mania, excitement and exaltation, and are now passing into the further stage of acute depression alternating with outbreaks of violence.

A diary, when it is written by a man of Mr. Blunt's opportunities, capabilities and weaknesses, is a wonderful observation post from which the philosophic historian can watch the mental, moral and material disintegration of a complex society. Mr. Blunt's entries, recorded from year to year and almost from day to day, are like little windows opening and shutting upon the scenes, and upon the "behind the scenes," of history. As these little windows perpetually open and shut upon great events and little men, upon great men and their little events, one gets so vivid an impression of the characteristics of our age that one feels that one has not only grasped its external appearance and the springs of its mechanism, but the very taste and flavour of it. Frankly, the taste of it is most unpleasant, though the human palate can, as this book shows, acquire a relish for a decaying and rotten society as easily as for the tainted meat of partridge or deer. It is only gradually that the reader of these pages becomes conscious that he is being given a vision of an era of politically tremendous events in which the chief actors have no ideals, no hopes, no beliefs, no principles, no understanding—only personal ambitions, personal vanities, personal loves and hates. The judgment may seem pompously exaggerated to anyone who skims the stories and gossip off Mr. Blunt's diary, lingers over the last wish of the dying Queen Victoria "that her little dog should be allowed to jump up on her bed," or is titillated by the serious questions of the conduct and marriage of Miss de Burgh and the legitimacy of Pepita's children. But the diarist's lightness of literary touch and commendable love of gossip cannot conceal the complete hopelessness and belieflessness of our age; and societies when they sink into decay are always without belief and without hope.

It is curious to note that almost the only person who appears in Mr. Blunt's pages with any passionate belief is Queen Victoria, who, when she was talking about the

possibility of meeting the dead in another world, became quite angry at the idea that she might have to allow King David to be presented to her, on account of "his inexcusable conduct to Uriah." For the Great Queen, and her beliefs, belonged essentially to an age and a society that had passed away. The era 1890-1914 was not deeply concerned with the family affairs of King David, Uriah the Hittite and his wife Bathsheba. One of its main concerns, we can see through Mr. Blunt's little windows, was politics, and particularly the politics of imperialism. In the nineties the kings had conquered, and the result was the swollen, unhealthy, bullying, cowardly empires of Britain, France, Germany and Russia. It was an age of achieved imperialism, and imperialistic principles and ideals ostensibly were the motive power in politics, and certainly dominated them. Politics are proverbially a "dirty business," but even the most disillusioned might receive a shock from observing in this book the complete divorce between private opinion and public profession among statesmen whose policy ended in the war of 1914. If this applied only to Mr. Blunt's enemies or pet abominations, like Lord Cromer and Lord Morley, one might conclude that his personal prejudices had coloured the glass of his little windows, but it applies equally to his most intimate friends, like George Wyndham and Mr. Churchill. Now it would have been bad enough if Europe had been in the first decade of the twentieth century vulgarly jingo and blatantly imperialist, but there is some hope for a society which believes in bad things and follows bad ideals. There is no hope for people who pursue evil without even believing in it. Here we have machine-made jingos, and imperialists without the slightest belief in imperialism. Mr. Blunt on his last page cries, "Woe for the kings who conquer!" and it is probably true that conquest is always the beginning of defeat; but annihilation, not defeat, awaits the king or nation which conquers without belief in conquest.

L. W.

## FALL

So quickly the gleaming paths have drawn together and piled riches;

The river-water is ember-colour, where ran starts of flame;

November breathes on its mirror. Choked are the black ditches,

And soon tree will face tree with light quivers of shame.

Sunk in reverie, I split with uncertain heel

And bare the firm whiteness of chestnuts; I the sole faun

In this rusty emptiness, where no spirits come; the wheel Of this year's loaded mystery turns, reluctant drawn.

Surely this is not the time of that pulsation, the intolerable Sob buried in the warm frame of things, that wrestles and urges

For outlet in agony, and the torrent of all imaginable Desire of centuries, running subterranean with vast surges!

Rather, looms in the pallid roll of sky resignation, Dented a great time ago with many implements of pain, Though hard against it rises reproachful the faint elation Of rutulant elm-tops, out of which scatters unwilling rain.

And I know that those who have comprehension and tearless love

Of this scene are the persecuted life-shrunken, who narrowly fail;

And I know that I shall find none of them, or the haunts where they move,

And that the one thing that I ache for with hopelessness is their measured tale.

G. H. JOHNSTONE

## SIMPLICITY

SHEPHERD'S WARNING. By Eric Leadbitter. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. net.)

ELI OF THE DOWNS. By C. M. A. Peake. (Heinemann. 7s. net.)

THE author to-day who chooses to write a peasant novel sets himself a by no means easy task. We have grown very suspicious of the peasant "as he is seen," very shy of dialect which is half prophecy, half potatoes, and more than a trifle impatient of over-wise old men, hot-blooded young ones, beauties in faded calico, and scenes of passion in the kitchen while the dinner is hotting up or getting cold. The psychological novel, the novel of manners and what we might call the experimental novel, inspires no such distrust; its field is wide, there would seem to be no limit to the number of its possible combinations, and we have not that strange sense that the author has committed himself to a more or less limited and determined range of experiences. There is, moreover, in the latter case, no temptation to over-emphasize the relation of the peasant to the earth; to make of him a creature whose revolutions are so dependent on the seasons that it is impossible for him to fall in love out of May, or to die except at the year's end. But more difficult still to resist is the inclination to overstep the delicate boundary between true simplicity and false. True simplicity is hard, reluctant soil to cultivate, and the harvest reaped is small, but it wants but a scatter of seed flung broadcast over the false light soil to produce an appearance of richness, of growing and blowing which mocks the patient effort of the honest *cultivateur*.

Mr. Eric Leadbitter's latest book, "Shepherd's Warning," is, however, an example of the peasant novel wherein these several difficulties are overcome. They cease, indeed, after the first few pages, to have any reality in the reader's mind. In this extremely careful, sincere piece of work, the author makes us feel that he knows every step of the ground he treads, and that his familiarity with it prevents him from wasting time over anything that is not essential to the development of his story. There is not a moment's hesitation; Mr. Leadbitter moves within the circle of his book, easy, confident, and yet in some curious way impressing us as one who is very reticent and not given to exaggeration. He would rather let things speak for themselves, and tell their own tale. What is it all about? It is the life story of Bob Garrett, a farm labourer, from the moment he reaches the top of the hill until—down, down, slowly down—he is an old man with just strength enough to creep into the sun and call his cat. It is an account of how his three orphaned grandchildren, who live with him, grow from little children to young people in the prime of life. It tells how little Sally Dean, whose father murdered his wife because she was a bad woman with wandering blood and wild ways, grew up with the curse on her and went to the bad herself, and, fascinating Bob Garrett's two grandsons, made one marry her that her unborn child, by another man, might have a father. Sally is the wild strain in the book; the thing that can't be accounted for, that seems to be good for nothing; she is the lovely poisonous weed that Bob Garrett can't abide to see growing among his plants, and yet he cannot stamp it out. She feels herself that she ought not to be as she is; but there it is, she can't get away, she can't make herself different, she must live. And we are shown how little by little she is accepted, and with that acceptance she changes in spite of herself; she is no longer an exotic running dark and bright in the hedges for any man to gather.

As the story moves, changes, deepens, gathering new life into it, and yet keeping the old, reaching out toward new issues, and then accepting those new issues as part of it, so the village, Fidding, goes through an identical

experience. When Bob Garrett is head ploughman and the finest worker on the farm, it is a self-contained, solid, old-fashioned little place and remote even from the nearest town, Pricehurst. But gradually, like Bob Garrett, it becomes inadequate to the needs of the restless rising generation. They do not sweep it away, but they ignore it until it falls into the background, a small bundle of ancient cottages with nothing but the traces of their former pride and solidity. But what is there in New Fidding to compare with Old Fidding, where every man could have told you his neighbour's garden down to a row of radishes, and where, in spite of their differences, they were held together by an implicit acceptance of life; but not of "the fever called living"?

"Eli of the Downs" is another novel that has its roots in the English country-side, but Mr. Peake is a writer who has not yet succeeded in putting a rein on his ambitions. In his eagerness to make a great figure of Eli he cannot resist picking him out, even when he is a very small one and scarce more than knee high, and overloading him with all the ornaments which are handed down as the heirlooms of children extraordinary. He hears tunes, sees colours, has a vision in church.

"I did see it, grandmer," he ended. . . .

"And what then, deary?"

"I . . . I don't know. I fink . . . I came back."

Even though years afterwards, in a Japanese temple, his vision comes true, we highly suspect that "I came back." But this fault, which is apparent in the first pages of the book, persists throughout. The author, unlike Mr. Leadbitter, cannot leave his characters to speak their mind; he must speak it for them, and even reinforce their statements with a kind of running commentary and explanatory notes which are very tiring to keep up with. He seems, until he carries his simple shepherd overseas and sets him among highly embroidered scenes and persons, to expect our attention to flag. In that he is right, but the chief cause of our fatigue is precisely this habit of endeavouring to capture and to recapture it. But the truth is that "Eli of the Downs" ought to have been a short story of—certainly not more than five thousand words. We do not wish to be unkind to Mr. Peake; but we wish he would be a little less kind to himself, wish that he would slay a great many of his sheep and let us have one uninterrupted view of the shepherd.

K. M.

## BOOK-PRICES CURRENT

BOOK-PRICES CURRENT, 1919. Vol. XXXIII. Edited by J. H. Slater. (Stock. 32s. 6d. net.)

NOTHING new can be said of this indispensable book to everyone interested in either buying or selling old books, and as there are very few scholars who do not at some time or other of their career want to own some rare book, while there are many who would like to know the value of those they have, Mr. Slater's useful handbook to the last season's sales is sure of a good reception. We note that almost all old books which are worth anything at all have risen in value appreciably, though not in proportion to the depreciation of money; but very rare books, or books in great demand, have gone up to enormous prices. "Only those whose business it is to watch the activities of yesterday and to-day can have the least idea of what is likely to happen to-morrow, so far as these old and costly books are concerned." At the same time, we must remember that some of these phenomenal prices are due to the existence of a determined millionaire who means to build up a first-class collection, and that at any moment the bottom may drop out of the market and we may witness a collapse like that of the speculation in Kelmescott books many years ago. Mr. Slater dates the beginning of the present rise as some ten years old, but we must not forget that even at current prices fine illuminated manuscripts of the best periods are absurdly cheap, and that in their case a further rise is inevitable.

## NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, February 6, 1920.

THE growth of a more intelligent interest in the cinema has been noticeable in the English press during the past year. Journals which would have scorned to discuss the subject a couple of years ago now possess "movie" critics, and space is given to much argument about the superiority of the infant British industry of motion-picture making. In Ireland there is a corresponding tendency to apply the principle of *Sinn Féin* to the production of photo-plays, but the pioneers are not rewarded by the same publicity as their English rivals receive. Unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Vachel Lindsay, none of the intellectuals here has avowed publicly the interest which several have privately confessed in "the silent drama." Neither the Unionist nor the Republican propagandists have realized the possibilities of the camera as a medium for the spread of information and ideas. In the ordinary "picture theatres of commerce," as we shall doubtless be calling them in due course, Irish films are rarely exhibited. When the reel of "topical events" comes round there is usually a small strip of local pictures. These are labelled "Irish Events," and consist, for the most part, of innocent spectacles, games of hurling, or race meetings—uniformly peaceful records with a pleasant suggestion of paradox.

The more ambitious efforts of our scenario-writers and producers have not been a success. Two recent productions, not yet released for general consumption, were a spectacular film of the days of St. Patrick and a screen version of Carleton's novel 'Willy Reilly.' Like so many of the photo-plays produced on this side of the Atlantic, they are handicapped from the start by the curious prepossessions of the majority of producers outside America. When will it be understood that the art of the screen is not that of the theatre? British and Irish motion pictures are a constant proof that this elementary fact is not realized. Too many of the players are selected because of their success on the stage, as if that implied any ability to play for the camera.

The conventionality of the Irish films is aggravated in this connection by the fact that not only are the parts played by actors from the theatres, but theatricality is their cult. In spite of Synge and the host of peasant plays and players, country life and country people are reproduced on the screen in terms of picture-postcard romanticism. The men dress as no Irishman dresses outside the realms of Boucicault. The women are all "colleens" of the picturesque variety affected by vendors of Irish soap, and the gentlemen who design dust-covers for popular Irish fiction. It seems as if realism—in externals, at least—which should be the greatest advantage and virtue of photo-plays, is abhorrent to all but American producers—a curious departure from the practice in literature, where transatlantic fiction remains in bondage to the most cloying sentimentality.

As you have probably heard more than once, the leaders of Young Ireland to-day are poets and schoolmasters, superior people who are hardly yet aware of the existence of the cinema. It is, I fancy, a commercial rather than an artistic phenomenon, this apparent interest in England in the production of picture plays. Until the potentialities of the camera are as well realized as its evident limitations, the Americans will be left to reap the satisfactions . . . and the profits of successful motion-picture making. In all European countries there is a disposition to leave the cinema to purely commercial exploiters and their inarticulate public. In Germany alone is the author more important than the "movie star," for in him is invested supreme control of his work. The producer cannot defy his wishes, and the royalties which are his reward are, in many cases, as fabulous as the salaries of certain deities of the American screen. An expert investigator from the United States has recently expressed great amazement at this perversely Teutonic reversal of the supposedly natural order of things. The author's name only is allowed to appear, and to him all honour and profit (elsewhere divided amongst innumerable collaborators) are due. If, as an American paper announces, Mr. W. B. Yeats is engaged to play a part in a moving-picture performance of "Cathleen ni Houlihan," this may inaugurate a new phase in the development of Irish films. Then we may look for a new "Celtic Renaissance"! B.

## THE RIGHT SORT OF RURAL LIBRARY

VILLAGE LIBRARIES: A GUIDE TO THEIR FORMATION AND UPKEEP  
By A. Sayle. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

IT gives one a nasty shock, the day after the benefits of the Public Libraries Acts have been extended in a practical way to rural districts, to find a believer in village libraries giving what may be called an Irishman's blessing to the new scheme. The alumnus of Newnham College who writes this book, after presiding at the inception and the fourteen years' success of a different kind of rural library, deliberately asserts, "it is, in the writer's opinion, greatly to be preferred before a County Library Scheme"; "it is an experiment in communal effort" by villagers who would never have adopted the Acts or have submitted willingly to a library rate. Without agreeing unreservedly with her preference, let us advise every member of the Rural Library Committees set up under the new Act to read her book. The one thing to avoid is the infliction of a library, ready-made to however excellent a pattern, on a village that does not want it. The great thing to aim at is to secure the goodwill of the villagers and as far as possible make use of local initiative. Given a democratic committee composed of churchwarden, farm labourer, village carpenter, retired barber, and the sexton's and wheelwright's daughters, prosperity will be assured.

The library of which this is the story was formed in 1906 in a Hampshire village by the villagers themselves, without outside aid, official or other, without even the patronage of Lady Bountiful, and on the strict understanding that it should "contain the sort of books they want to read, not books chosen for them by other people." The readers paid first 1d. and then 2d. a week; they elected the committee, provided the workers, and the library became "an integral part of the village life." Full details of its working and expenses are given, for the benefit of any following its example; these we pass over, noting only that the practice of discarding books that no one read was early introduced, and due care taken that it should be a live library and not a mere collection of books it were meritorious to read. Even in such a modest institution, be it noticed also, establishment and maintenance charges, the bugbear of greater libraries, ate up far more income than could be spent on books, though the chief items of expenditure were only for cupboards, stationery, and the like. But here the balance-sheet compares favourably with that of Steeple Claydon, where the library is run under the Acts.

Trained librarians will be scandalized by the home-made system of classification. One of the original subdivisions was "Children and Cookery," which at first blush suggests the study of cannibalism. Cookery, like poetry and gardening, was afterwards suppressed, as books on these subjects were not read. The standard of taste was, in truth, deplorably low, and the list of the most popular books, consisting chiefly of the works of Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. A. Sidgwick, Charles Garvice, and Mme. Albanesi, recalls the American jibe that the people who devour that kind of stuff would be more sensible and better educated had they never learned to read. This village public would not be persuaded to take to Scott, Dickens, Charles Reade, or Kipling. But country readers can hardly be expected to be better judges of literature than their neighbours, and it was, after all, two townsfolk who were overheard debating what kind of present they should give a child, when one of them suggested a book, and the other replied, "A book! Oh, that's no use, he's got a book already." If it is better to govern ourselves indifferently well than to be efficiently governed by others, it is better perhaps that we should learn to choose our own reading.

Our only criticism is that the author seems too easily contented with this state of things. Apparently, nothing has been done to enable the village readers to choose better. Yet that it is not impossible to get them out of a mere rut is evident from the fact that some authors missed being read simply through being put on the top shelf. Uneducated readers stick to the writers they know. The first step in persuading them to read a new author is to bring about a satisfactory introduction. We commend to the Library Committee the idea of a reading circle, and we think the first subject should be the modern English novel, illustrated from the works of living and recent authors rather than from Fielding or even Scott. E. A. B.



## Science

## THE RELATIVITY DISCUSSION AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY

THE reception accorded to Einstein's Theory of Gravitation will, in the future histories of science, appear very much the same as that which has welcomed other great scientific generalizations. Discussion of a new theory is, of course, both inevitable and desirable, and opposition is not always based on mere conservatism. But the discussions which greeted Newton's theories, the controversies which centred about Darwin's Origin of Species, and the present-day objections to Einstein's theory have not been, in all cases, of a purely rational character. Many of the Darwinian controversies were, of course, remarkable for their irrationality, but that was because Darwin laid hands on man himself. Rational inquiry is only permitted on matters in which man has little interest, and it is for that reason that Einstein's theory, being concerned with space and time, and having no obvious reaction on morality or politics, is not generally denounced from the pulpit. It has not escaped moral condemnation altogether; its anti-Christian tendency has been detected by at least one vigilant critic, and we have reason to suppose that it is regarded as incompatible with certain views respecting a future life. On the whole, however, the objections to it have been rational, even when they have not been scientific, and there are, of course, some purely scientific difficulties in the way of accepting the whole theory. There appear, also, to be some philosophic difficulties, it is better, however, to leave these to the philosophers, since, as Professor Eddington has recently pointed out, they seem to be based on "necessities of thought" from which mathematicians are unaccountably exempt. The recent discussion at the Royal Society, in confining itself to the scientific arguments for and against Einstein's theory, did not, therefore, exhaust possible objections. It embraced nearly all those, however, which are of interest to men of science.

The discussion was opened by Mr. Jeans, who, speaking very smoothly and with remarkable fluency, described the experiments on which the restricted relativity of 1905 was founded. His exposition contained nothing essentially new, but he led his audience with great clarity and swiftness to his goal, a blackboard covered with equations. In these equations were enshrined the properties of that non-Euclidean four-dimensional continuum in which Einstein places our material universe. One gazed at them with proper reverence, the effect being perhaps heightened by the fact that they were almost totally invisible at a moderate distance from the platform. So far, Mr. Jeans had been going over familiar ground. Presently, however, he came to the point on which the greater part of the discussion centred—the spectrum effect, predicted but not observed. He became judicial and spoke with hesitation. He was inclined to think, he remarked, that if Einstein's symbols are given a physical interpretation, then his theory predicts a shift of the spectral lines; but that if the symbols are regarded from a purely mathematical point of view, then the spectrum effect is not a necessary consequence. For a moment we eyed Mr. Jeans doubtfully, but his face remained impassive and he presently sat down.

Our mind was still engaged in grappling with Mr. Jeans' mysterious hint when we became aware that Professor Eddington, slim, dark, scholarly, was on the platform. He apparently shared our impression that there had been just a suspicion of something almost occult about the previous remarks, for he emphasized the fact that the space-time interval, whose equation Mr. Jeans had been discussing was a *measured* quantity. One had some difficulty in

following his remarks, as he wholly lacks Mr. Jeans' fluency, but that mattered the less when it became apparent that he was repeating what he had said already in that masterpiece of exposition, his Report on Relativity for the London Physical Society. He again drew attention to the remarkable fact that the two great principles of Dynamics, the conservation of energy and the conservation of the moment of momentum, are contained in Einstein's law of gravitation. Professor Eddington suggested that this must be taken as strongly confirmatory of the validity of the Einstein equations. As with those of Mr. Jeans, Professor Eddington's remarks were scarcely intelligible to the non-mathematical members of the audience, but Sir F. Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, introduced a more generally intelligible note into the discussion. He pointed out the very real nature of Einstein's achievement in accounting for the movement of the perihelion of Mercury, and briefly described some of the earlier attempts to solve the difficulty, in particular Leverrier's invention of the planet Vulcan, discussed in THE ATHENÆUM, Nov. 21, 1919, p. 1228.

So far the discussion had been favourable to Einstein: Mr. Jeans and Professor Eddington had shown how firmly rooted the principle was, and Sir F. Dyson had emphasized its success in prediction. The next speaker, Professor A. Fowler, a great spectroscopist, opened the opposition. In a dry, unemotional, but extremely competent manner, he contrasted the results of spectrum observation with the effect predicted by Einstein's theory. The observations were made both at the centre and at the limb of the sun, and in neither set was the Einstein effect observed. Even if conveniently compensating phenomena are postulated for one set, that does not explain the negative result for the other set. It is impossible to believe, he declared, in a compensating effect which is equally efficacious in the very different conditions which prevail at the sun's centre and at its edge. His array of measurements was certainly impressive, and it was obvious that he saw no way of avoiding the conclusion that Einstein's theory here experienced a definite check. Mr. Cunningham, who followed, restored the mathematical atmosphere, and sketched a line of reasoning showing the limitations of the Principle of Equivalence (that no experiments can distinguish between a gravitational field due to matter and one produced by a transformation of co-ordinates). He also put in an ingenious plea for the æther, but it turned out to be a very different æther from that of the orthodox physics. He suggested that there are as many æthers as there are spaces and times, *i.e.*, as many as there are observers, and that the actual æther may, like the four-dimensional space-time continuum, have invariant properties. It was obvious that Mr. Cunningham largely accepted the generalized theory, but that he did not regard it as being as crystal-clear as some people suppose. Professor Newall, a very pleasant and sympathetic speaker, appeared to be in difficulties about some of the paradoxical results of the restricted principle of relativity, and put an elaborate question to Mr. Jeans, which that gentleman answered with a celerity his questioner seemed to find somewhat disconcerting. In the absence of Sir J. Larmor it was supposed that Professor Lindemann's suggestive remarks on the bearing of quanta theory on relativity would bring the discussion to a close. The President called, however, on Professor Whitehead, who delivered a remarkable speech. He spoke with considerable vigour, and, at times, with something like scorn. He produced an equation which, he assured the assembly, accounted for Mercury's motion and the deflection of light as well as Einstein's. As for the spectrum effect, on Einstein's theory, he said, there should be *no* shift of the spectrum lines, whereas from his own equation one could not say whether there would be an effect or not, an interesting conclusion which excited some hilarity.

Thus the discussion closed, appropriately enough, in an atmosphere of some mystification. One came away with the impression that Einstein's supporters would feel happier if the predicted spectrum effect comes to be observed, but that, if it does not, the theory is sufficiently flexible to be able, at a pinch, to dispense with such confirmation. Whatever happens, Einstein's theory has come to stay for a good while yet, a fact that must rejoice those men of science who are also artists. S.

## SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—January 22.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair. The following papers were read: "The Stress-Strain Properties of Nitro-Cellulose and the Law of its Optical Behaviour," by Professor E. G. Coker and K. C. Chakko. "On Alternating Current Electrolysis," by S. Marsh. "The Variations of Wave-Length of the Oscillations generated by Three-Electrode Thermionic Tubes due to Changes in Filament Current, Plate Voltage, Grid Voltage or Coupling," by W. H. Eccles and J. H. Vincent (the object of the investigation was to find the conditions most favourable for the production of continuous oscillations of constant frequency). "Plane Strain: the Direct Determination of Stress," by S. D. Carothers. "An Investigation of the Effects of Electron Collisions with Platinum and with Hydrogen, to ascertain whether the Production of Ionization from Platinum is due to Occluded Hydrogen," by F. Horton and Ann C. Davies. "The Pressure Distribution on the Head of a Shell moving at High Velocities," by L. Bairstow, R. H. Fowler and D. R. Hartree.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—February 5.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Mr. R. Garraway Rice, Local Secretary for Sussex, exhibited, on behalf of Mr. J. Howell Coles, a Palæolithic implement and an unfinished neolith found at West Chiltington, Sussex. The palæolith, which was of unusual interest, was found in 1916 at 250 feet O.D. It was of peculiar shape and of Late Le Mouster date, with fine patination, one side being light yellow, the other mottled. The neolith was, apparently, an unfinished example of the type known as the "Thames pick."

Professor S. Langdon read a paper on a Sumerian figure from Mesopotamia in the Ashmolean Museum. The archæology of Sumer had thus far been derived almost exclusively from ancient Sumerian cities in the extreme south of Mesopotamia. Mr. Langdon reviewed briefly the bas-reliefs and statuary of this region, particularly the collections from Lagash, Nippur and Suruppak, with a view to determining the dress and physiological characteristics of the Sumerians and the Semites. The statuettes found in the lower strata at Assur revealed a Sumerian period of occupation and culture before 3000 on the Upper Tigris, and archæological discoveries at Astrabad in Persian Turkestan indicated clearly an art and a dress very similar to the prehistoric Sumerian remains of Assur, and of Sumer itself. Philological and other cultural evidence was adduced for proving that the Sumerians, the founders of civilization in Western Asia, belonged to a widely spread agglutinating race, of which the inhabitants of prehistoric Elam, Turkestan and Egypt were, besides the Sumerians themselves, the best representatives. The marble statuette which was the subject of the paper was found by the 14th Sikh Regiment of the Indian Army, when they were entrenching themselves before the battle of Istabalato. This Arab village was on the right bank of the Tigris, eight miles below Samara. The importance of the discovery consisted chiefly in the region where it was found, for it formed a much-needed link between Southern Sumerian archæology and the similar remains of the same period in Assyria and Turkestan. The bas-reliefs and statuettes of Elam of the same period proved a very close relation between the Sumerians and the prehistoric people of Anshan in dress, tonsure and physiognomy. The writer defended the Sumerian derivation of the Greek word for fleecy mantle, *καυνάκις*, from *gu-en-na*, *gu-an-na*, probable name of the national Sumerian and Elamitic dress. The word was traced from early Sumerian times through the inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria to the period of Darius and Cambyses, and the passage by Aristophanes, "Wasps," 1131-56, on the Persian mantle *καυνάκις* was discussed. The problem of the relative age of Sumerian and Semitic civilization in Sumer and Akkad was defined, and a solution attempted.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 13. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture V., Professor P. Dearmer.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: The Use of Plain Chant in the English Service," Capt. Francis Burgess.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Void—The Old Atomic Theory—Lucretius," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

- Fri. 13. University College, 5.30.—"Greek and Roman Commerce," Mr. M. Cary.  
Malacological, 6.—  
Royal Institution, 9.—"The Volume of the Blood and its Significance," Professor W. M. Bayliss.  
Sat. 14. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Astronomical Evidence bearing on Einstein's Theory of Gravitation: III. Deflection of Light in the Sun's Gravitational Field," Sir F. W. Dyson.  
Mon. 16. Bibliographical, 5.—"The Output of Books in Spain in the Sixteenth Century," Dr. H. Thomas.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture I., Professor L. Tatarkiewicz.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Apocalypse," Lecture III., Archdeacon Charles. (Schweich Lectures.)  
University College, 5.30.—"Guillaume de Machault's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture II., Miss Barbara Smythe.  
University College, 5.30.—"Our Historical Inheritance," Mr. Hilary Jenkinson.  
Dr. Williams' Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture XIV., Mr. Bertrand Russell.  
Aristotelian, 8.—"Impulse, Emotion and Instinct," Mr. A. F. Shand.  
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Recent Researches in the Cellulose Industry," Lecture I., Mr. C. F. Cross. (Cantor Lecture.)  
Royal Geographical Society (Æolian Hall), 8.30.—"The Spanish Zones in Morocco," H.E. the Spanish Ambassador.  
Tues. 17. Royal Institution, 3.—"Magnetic Susceptibility," Lecture I., Professor E. Wilson.  
Royal Academy, 4.—"Animal Anatomy," Lecture III., Mr. W. Frank Calderon.  
Society for Roman Studies (Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House), 4.30.—"The History of Rome in Teaching and Research," Mr. Norman H. Baynes.  
Statistical, 5.15.—  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture V., Professor H. Wildon Carr.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: V. Nihilism, Industrialism, Socialism," Sir Bernard Pares.  
University College, 5.30.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture II., Mr. J. H. Helweg.  
University College, 5.30.—"Holland and Belgium," Lecture II., Professor P. Geyl.  
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"On the Occurrence of Flint Implements of Man in the Glacial Chalky Boulder Clay of Suffolk," Mr. J. Reid Moir.  
Wed. 18. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the 'Divina Commedia,'" Lecture IV., Dr. E. G. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures.)  
Royal Academy, 4.—"Animal Anatomy," Lecture IV., Mr. W. Frank Calderon.  
Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"English Canals and Inland Waterways," Mr. Sidney Preston.  
Royal Meteorological, 5.—  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Problem of Sources for the History of the Nineteenth Century," Mr. Hubert Hall.  
University College, 5.30.—"The Changes as shown by Comparative Law in the Rights and Duties attaching to Property," Lecture III., Sir John Macdonell.  
University College, 5.30.—"Wergeland, Welhaven and Collett," Lecture II., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.  
Royal Microscopical, 8.—  
Thurs. 19. Royal Institution, 3.—"Illustrations of Ancient Greek and Roman Life in the British Museum," Lecture I., Mr. A. H. Smith.  
Royal, 4.30.—"Studies of Photo-synthesis in Fresh-water Algae," Professor B. Moore and T. A. Webster; "The Properties of Colloidal Systems: IV. Reversible Gelation in Living Protoplasm," Professor W. M. Bayliss; "The Development of the Auditory Apparatus in *Sphenodon punctatus*," Rev. F. J. Wyeth.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Sources for the History of British India in the Seventeenth Century," Lecture I., Dr. S. A. Khan.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Christ and Modern Literature," Rev. E. Shillito.  
University College, 5.30.—"August Strindberg," Lecture II., Mr. I. Björkham.  
Royal Numismatic, 6.—"The Coinage of Offa," Mr. R. C. Lockett.

## Fine Arts

### THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB

#### NOTES ON THE WINTER EXHIBITION

THE Winter Exhibition at the Club has no title, nor indeed would it be easy to find any title for so miscellaneous and accidental a collection. There is a peculiar pleasure in such an absence of plan; these accidental frontings of objects that have never met before are sometimes piquant, sometimes ironical, sometimes suggestive. Objects like the Victorian mother-o'-pearl ornaments that could hardly force an entrance to a full-dress assembly at the Club are free to display their charms on such an informal occasion. This informality and incoherence release me from the need for any pretence to coherence in my remarks, which will therefore imitate the disjointed ejaculations of a visitor to the gallery.

Crivelli—a risen Christ. But for a fair share of the Venetian taste for colour Crivelli might pass for a German. He is as elaborately descriptive, as ingenious, as romantic, and as entirely innocent of any comprehension of what Italian art meant.

Quentin Matsys—"Marriage of St. Catherine"—a charming picture in a dead tempera staining on a scantily prepared canvas giving an almost tapestry quality. Matsys was very rarely so discreet, so tasteful and undemonstrative. He had, too, a certain psychological imagination; a pale Northern reflection of Leonardo's smile plays over his women's faces.

Basaiti—"The Descent into Limbo"—an almost literal copy in paint of a Mantegna engraving. Even if the original had been lost, the contrast between the force of the invention and the meticulous, dull craftsmanship of the execution would reveal the work of a borrower.

Guardi—scene in front of SS. Giovanni e Paolo—a purely delightful picture. Taste, in the rather negative eighteenth-century sense, and skill could go no further; and what a knowledge of the painter's craft dictated the transposition of key, so that we get the effect of sunlight on Venetian façades against the sky by a dull brown against a dark greenish-grey!

Fra Vittori Ghislandi—head of a man. Who ever heard of Ghislandi? A few visitors to the Carrara Gallery at Bergamo may remember him, but the name has no resonance, and yet everyone has heard of Murillo. What an accidental affair fame is! For this one head is worth all the work of Murillo and of half a dozen other famous artists one could name put together. If by accident the name of Velasquez had got attached to it, it would be one of his famous works. Ghislandi lived to an old age and must have done other things worth remembering. He was called Paolotto, an old Italian dictionary says, and studied under Bombelli, who "turned him to the study of the great masters, making him in particular attentively examine and copy the heads of Titian in order to discover the marvellous artifice of them. And thanks to this exercise he pushed so far in the art of making portraits and characteristic heads for historical pictures, that in that respect he came very near to the great masters of the good period." Evidently Signor Ticozzi, who wrote the dictionary, knew what he was talking about.

Rubens—wooded landscape at sunset. What an enviable artist Rubens was! He must have had so robust an enjoyment of everything good in life, and then that exuberant belief in his own powers which enabled him to say what he felt about it. He had invented such a free, elastic

pictorial language that there was nothing which it could not embrace. For in the seventeenth century it was an unheard-of thing to reduce to pictorial terms such a landscape as this, with the setting sun shining through hedgerow elms. And it was not till nearly two centuries later that artists saw their way to taking it up. Here Rubens has already done what Constable did with more continuous study and more thorough observation, but never more brilliantly and never with such easy confidence.

On a table under this picture is a little bronze angel holding a pricket candlestick—a figure for an altar, presumably. It is attributed to the Pisan school of the fourteenth century. To my thinking this is a masterpiece, one of the very finest pieces of plastic design of any age or country. The simplification of the forms is conceived with extraordinary understanding, and the rhythmical movement of the whole figure is realized with astonishing perfection—the lost profile of the head in relation to the neck and the movement of the arms is a marvel of sensibility—and the design of the drapery, especially at the back, is a great discovery. I daresay the attribution to the school of the Pisani is right. I can suggest no other that seems satisfactory, and yet something in the treatment of the wreath-crowned head suggests to me rather that second and more searching study of the antique that marked the early quattrocento. But I can find no great name that fits it, and I cannot believe that any but a great name will account for such a masterpiece.

At the end of the gallery hangs a large Raeburn of such revolting vulgarity as one thought had hardly been discovered at that date. But Raeburn, alas! was an original man, an inventor whom we could well have spared. Beside him de Hoogh, who was after all a very minor artist, looks tasteful and distinguished; Zoffany, a discreet and innocent gentleman; and Gainsborough, a giant. The Gainsborough is indeed a delightful picture, full of the delicate sensibility with which Gainsborough was endowed. In this early work he exploits this quality more assiduously, more patiently, than he often found time to do in later life.

ROGER FRY.

THE sketches of Sir Bartle Frere, at present on view in the Walker Gallery, bear the same relation to professional pictures that an agreeably written letter bears to literature. They are the work of an amateur who has recorded, for his own pleasure and his friends', various little incidents that he has seen in the intervals of his military duties. In most of them he deals with Egypt, and he brings to that over-written and over-painted land an eye that is both sympathetic and acute. Here are no stately sheikhs, nor maidens at an academic well, but the actual country as it has presented itself to so many soldiers during the past five years—a humorous and slipshod country, full of dust and oddments and towlsed waste places and muddily-shaped minarets, and of inhabitants whose chief garment was a nightgown and whose chief remark was "never mind." Most of Sir Bartle's models—porters, bathers, Bedouin children, loungers on the sea-wall—seem to be saying "never mind." His landscapes, too, recall most happily their originals: one may instance a delicate panorama of the Nile from Luxor, and impressive sketches of the Nebi Daniel Mosque at Alexandria and of the cemetery at Damanhour. There are also some faithful renderings of flowers. Of course, yet another Egypt exists, as the present tragic situation proves, but one is very grateful to Sir Bartle for recording the Egypt that he saw. Work such as his was commoner fifty years ago, before photography arose and strangled amateur art. The exhibition closes on Saturday in this week.

WE regret to record that Dr. Varley Roberts, organist at Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1882 to 1918, died on February 9. A whole generation of Oxford men will remember with regret the rugged but kindly personality of this magnificent choirmaster.



## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Recent Sculpture by Jacob Epstein.  
ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES.—The Modern Society of  
Portrait Painters.

CHENIL GALLERY.—Paintings by N. Munro Summers.  
BURLINGTON GALLERY.—Paintings by Také Sato.

MR. EPSTEIN'S portrait busts are superlatively alive. The women who appear before us seem to have been transmuted into bronze by some instantaneous terrific judgment of Heaven. The liquid metal has been poured on to "Betty May," radiant and defiant at the apogee of sensual youth; it has fallen on the bowed serene head of the artist's wife, and on the lean hysterical features of "Gabrielle Saonne." Above all, "Lillian Shelley" conveys to us an astonishing sensation of momentarily arrested life. Surely romantic realism can go no further than in this beautiful work. Reproduced by another hand, we might doubt the grandeur of the apparition. We might see nothing but theatricality in the majestic attitude, the drooping eyelids, the flung-back hair, the pathetic hands. But before Epstein's rendering we stand convinced. We believe we are in the presence of a genuine gesture immortalized; we accept the slight contraction of the shoulder-blades as tortured sensibility; we respond to the almost imperceptible tremor of the parted lips. We are convinced, because Epstein was himself convinced. Behind the eroticism of his vision, sustaining and enriching it and raising it above mere desire, is a deep and simple faith. Epstein has prostrated himself before nature; he has knelt before the beauty of "Lillian Shelley"; he has seen nothing there but pure gold.

The impression of complete realism which these portraits make upon us is largely due to the artist's skill as a modeller, which he has never demonstrated more triumphantly. Rodin at the height of his power never modelled more beautifully. The busts are properly speaking not sculpture at all, and for this reason they must be regarded as something in the nature of a reaction when considering the work of an artist who started by insisting on the sculptor's as opposed to the modeller's outlook. They are not flawless, even considered as clay models. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the suggestion of colour in the green wash on "Gabrielle Saonne" and in the treatment of the eyes in all the heads; such effects seem to us deplorable concessions to the painter's vision, unworthy of Mr. Epstein's power to concentrate on form and his technical distinction.

In so far as his former more sculptural manner is seen at all in this collection it is represented by the "Christ." The head here is conceived from the point of view of the man with a chisel; but the modeller reappears in the treatment of the hands. In the small room at the Leicester Galleries this discrepancy in approach is very evident. In a large gallery or in the open air it would probably be less apparent and the figure would gain in plastic unity. In the confined space it is unified only by the intense quality of the literary content, which reaches us compact and penetrating. A word of praise is due to the directors of the Galleries for the excellent arrangement of the exhibition.

If anyone questions the value of Mr. Epstein's portraits he would do well to visit the exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters. Epstein's work compels our attention and respect. If the word "Silence" were inscribed over the doorway we should regard it as merely appropriate. At the Royal Institute Galleries the first impulse is to treat the exhibits with flippancy. We fall to punning on the title of the group, and speculating on the greater fitness of some other combination of the same words; we toy with the respective merits of "Society Painters of Modern Portraits," "Portrait Painters of Modern Society" and "Modern Painters of Society Portraits." When we begin to examine the pictures in detail we apologize to many of the artists for a levity based on the hasty assumption that we were surrounded by a series of pictures turned out with untroubled facility by a group of light-hearted technicians. Mr. Ranken's "Katharine and Lætitia" struck perhaps the note responsible for the first vibration. Had this picture been exhibited fifteen years ago above the signature of John Sargent it might have caused a popular sensation. To-day it will presumably pass unnoticed. For this particular

brand of virtuosity can no longer cause a thrill. It is an acrobatic turn which has grown old-fashioned. Mr. Sargent has often given us more than this virtuosity; Mr. Ranken himself has sometimes given us more; but we do not see more in "Katharine and Lætitia." Mr. Guevara's portrait of Mrs. Fairbairn dispelled our flippancy. But coming from Mr. Epstein's sculpture we felt dissatisfied with the characterization. Epstein gives us all that the most searching eye can see, and more into the bargain—the reflex of his own adoration. Mr. Guevara gives us an agreeable decoration made up of original rhythms and rich colour, and executed in a brilliant though not meretricious technique. But what does he tell us of Mrs. Fairbairn? That she is young and charming, wears admirably cut clothes, and moves in sumptuous interiors—all of which we might have learned from other sources. More than this he does not tell us. We look in vain for any information about the individual as opposed to the type. The hat comes down over the eyebrows, the coat-collar comes up over the line of the jaw. What appears of the face is indefinite, and subordinate to the large eyes which follow us round the room. We carry away a memory of these eyes, but no knowledge of their structure, and we should be unable to pick out the lady from a hundred others shopping in Bond Street. Mr. Guevara tells us much more about the lady whom he labels "Autumn" (in the unrevised catalogue). Here the arabesque of the design is less complicated, the composition more conventional, the colour more crude; but we believe it to be the better work of the two. The tone values are more sharply defined, the drawing is more expressive and the characterization is more uncompromising. It is a notable painting, as notable perhaps—though not so successful—as his portrait of "The Editor of 'Wheels'" shown recently at the Grosvenor Gallery. The realism is as sincere as Mr. Epstein's but it affects us in quite a different way—because Mr. Guevara does not paint on his knees.

Mrs. N. Munro Summers has nearly succeeded in building a personal art on the foundation of a Slade School training and the study of the paintings of Mr. Augustus John. There is considerable charm in the picture of a woman and child against a pale wall lined with books. The artist uses pretty, limpid colours, and shows wit and intelligence in the selection of subjects. There is a pleasant preciousness too in the smooth enamel surface of the flower pieces. But Mrs. Summers' eye is not yet very reliable. There are vagaries of tone and proportion which appear accidental.

Mr. Také Sato, the Japanese artist exhibiting at the Burlington Gallery, has attempted to absorb the essence of European art in much the same way that many European artists have attempted to absorb the art of the East. A hybrid result is almost inevitable in both cases. What we like about Mr. Sato's work is Japanese, and we should like it better if it were more completely Oriental in feeling and outlook.

R. H. W.

## DUTCH AND VENETIAN PORTRAITS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

ROOM XXVI. at the National Gallery, which was till recently hung with a representative selection of English portraits lent by the National Portrait Gallery, was reopened on Thursday, the 12th inst., to show a number of portraits and portrait groups chosen from the Gallery collections. The North walls are given to the Northern Continental Schools, and the South to the Italian Schools; and the room affords a rough opportunity of comparing at close quarters the methods and periods of some three centuries of European portraiture. Holbein's "Ambassadors" is shown between the two large "Family Groups" of Franz Hals and of Michae Sweertz (once assigned to Vermeer); the groups being separated by Van der Helst's Rembrandt-like "Young Lady" and Rembrandt's "Portrait of Himself" as a young man. On the centre of the Italian wall is the Venetian full-length portrait of Andrea Tron, hitherto ascribed to Pietro Longhi, but not in the known manner of either Pietro or his son. Among the smaller pictures are Lotto's "Protonotary Giuliano," Moroni's "Lawyer," Rembrandt's "Françoise van Wasserhoven" (?), Van Dyck's "Marchese Cattaneo," and Van Oost's charming profile of a "Boy with a Muff."

# Music

## THE RHYTHM OF OPERA

**A**N opera is, or at least ought to be, a symphony, that is, a piece of music. Probably the large majority of operatic failures, either from the composer's or from the producer's point of view, result from a refusal to recognize this principle. When I say that an opera is a symphony, I do not mean a symphony in the narrow sense of a composition for orchestra in the classical form of Haydn and Beethoven, nor do I mean that the orchestral accompaniments to an opera are the most important part of it. I mean that an opera must be viewed, by composer, conductor and producer, as a continuous piece of music, designed on a definitely musical plan. It must have musical form of its own, independently of the libretto and the action. The wise librettist, needless to say, should co-operate with the composer in such a way that the words of the play may suggest a structural conception of the music. Many people (some composers among them) are aware that classical symphonies and other familiar concert works are written in forms which have been classified and codified in text-books. They are less often ready to understand that music may have a sense of form, even if it is not a form recognized by the schoolmasters; and further, that it is no good breaking violently away from the conventional forms unless one can substitute for them a form more significant. There is a very prevalent idea that in opera, as in songs and other vocal music, it is sufficient to illustrate the meaning of the words as they happen to come along. This is the ruin of dozens of symphonic poems, in which the words are not sung, but printed in the programme for those who can afford to buy it. No opera can ever be even a popular success if it is based on such a fatal error. There are many bad operas which have been popular successes, but it was not owing to their lack of form; they succeeded, if they obtained a success of any prominence, by virtue of such fragments of form as they did possess. It was not their recitatives but their arias and ensembles which saved them. Gluck said that when he sat down to compose an opera he tried to forget that he was a musician. Mozart never tried to do anything so idiotic, and the result is that his operas have lasted very much better than Gluck's.

Composers may be left to take care of themselves. It is the producers and singers in these days who need to be reminded that they are musicians. It may seem strange to offer such advice to singers, who appear so often to concentrate all their attention on their singing, to the neglect of everything else. Yes, to the neglect of the music itself. They err sometimes, in fact, by excess of zeal. In their anxiety to be dramatic, they ruin beautiful phrases in which Mozart or Purcell has expressed everything perfectly, if the singers would only leave them alone and sing them as they are. But that generally needs good singing, and good singing is not so easy as hysterical declamation. The prime necessity is rhythmical continuity. The individual singer must realize, if he has an aria to sing, or a stretch of recitative, that it is all one continuous piece of music; that the beginning bears a relation to the end, that the melodic line must never be broken, or else the emotional line in the minds of the audience will be broken; and once that is broken, the whole emotional atmosphere of the opera has to be worked up again from the very beginning.

He must realize, too, the relation of his own part to the whole, not only in a purely dramatic sense, but in a musical sense as well. In ensembles, for instance, there are endless numbers of places where the least deviation from strict time on the part of one singer, for however "dramatic" a reason, will at once bring the whole structure into complete confusion. It may not be that the other singers are put

out and an actual breakdown takes place; the performance may proceed without entanglement, and yet the emotional value of an ensemble be utterly destroyed by a hitch in the rhythmic continuity of it.

More important still is the sense of rhythmic continuity in the conductor and the producer. The difficulties vary according to the style of the opera. An opera of Wagner inevitably forces the singer to go on, though most of us have heard a good many singers do their best to resist its driving force. And in a Wagner opera the driving force of the orchestra is generally far greater than that of the voice. The singer can rest on the orchestra and be carried on by its current; but it is fatal to get into the habit of yielding to this temptation. Even in Wagner there are moments when the voice must bear the whole rhythmic burden as singly as in any opera of Monteverdi or Purcell. And it is noticeable in modern opera, too, that when the composer has concentrated his musical thought, good or bad, in the voice parts and obliged the voices to be the real creator of the pulse of the music, the opera will grip the audience and achieve success, even though the actual inspiration of the music be on a low level. Yet it is in the older and the more definitely vocal operas that the sense of rhythmic continuity is most frequently lost in actual performance. They are broken up into recitatives and arias; further broken up, it may be, with spoken dialogue. It is here that the intelligence of the producer ought to come in. Even a recitative is a piece of music. If it is well written, it has its rhythmic outline, its climax, its balance of phrase. Recitative should always be studied initially on a basis of rigidly strict time, and still on a strictly rhythmical basis even when the rigidity of time may be relaxed. All the great examples of recitative will not merely bear this treatment, but will benefit by it. What has ruined recitative in this country is the "devotional" tradition of oratorio. What is really wanted in all music, even in oratorio, if that is music, is not reverence but common sense. It is common sense that will help to reconstruct the continuous line of an opera that is broken up by dialogue. In most opera-houses the singer comes to the footlights and almost seems to announce—or the conductor, like a toast-master at a city banquet, seems to announce it for her—"Ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for the celebrated aria *Non so più*, as sung by Madame Malibran, Madame Patti, Madame," &c., &c., &c. It has ceased to be part of the play, part of the character; worse still, it has ceased to be part of the opera. There are dozens of arias that have suffered in this way, because some singers cannot bear to have another singer on the stage during them. Cherubino is supposed to be talking to Susanna all the time; but Susanna must leave the stage so as not to distract the attention of the audience from Cherubino's voice-production.

In all such cases the producer must insist on some stage device which links up one scene with another. Moreover, spoken dialogue and action with it must be considered as part of the music. They must be rhythmical, whether the work be verse or prose. Cues must be taken up with the same sense of musical rhythm as in an ensemble; gestures must be made and steps taken in definite rhythms, the one movement made in conscious relation to the other. Speech must glide imperceptibly into recitative, recitative into song; and parallel with this, movement and gesture must be more naturalistic or more conventional according as they accompany speech or music. From the rise of the curtain to its fall the rhythmic line must be continuous. Some actors are so anxious to be natural that they purposely ignore the instrumental interludes, which they fill up with business. This is certainly a mistake. One would not wish to interpret Mozart and Wagner in exactly the same style; but both designed their interludes to express something felt by the characters, and the actors must make such movements as will interpret them. Or rather, the actors must make

such movements as will cause the music to interpret their feelings. Herein lies the kernel of the whole problem: the characters on the stage must so sing and so move that the audience are induced to believe that every note of the music, whether sung or played, is created by the force of their emotions. It is not the *leitmotiv* that produces the gesture, but the emotion which produces both the gesture and the *leitmotiv* which illustrates it. On the singers, therefore, lies the whole burden of the opera, and it follows that every singer ought to understand the whole opera as intimately as the conductor is expected to do. No wonder that "idealist" is considered a word of opprobrium.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## CONCERTS

MISS SYBIL EATON is at present a good violinist by fits and starts. She has some flexibility of style and the right instinct for phrasing, but her tone is not reliable. For a time it keeps at a high level of purity and volume; then something seems to go wrong, and for a minute or two it becomes rough, uneven, out of control. Miss Eaton is a gracious player, and it is well worth while for her to overcome this technical weakness. She was partnered on February 2nd by Mr. Harold Samuel in Brahms' D minor Sonata, but while each played their own part well, they seemed to approach it in a different spirit; Miss Eaton's grey, austere handling of the violin part hardly fitted the warmer and more romantic playing of Mr. Samuel. The work will bear either interpretation, but scarcely both at the same time.

MR. REGINALD STEGGALL'S new Trio in D minor, played by the London Trio on February 3, is a thing of shreds and patches, mostly cut from an old garment of Maurice Ravel. The trio is numbered opus 27, so it is time Mr. Steggall was finding his own idiom, if he is ever going to do so. At no time was the playing of a high order; M. Pecsikai seems to be short of practice, and his intonation was by no means flawless. But want of rhythm is the real trouble; no member of the trio seems to have any sense of it at all.

THE artists at the London Chamber Concert Society's first concert on February 3 were the English String Quartet, and the chief works performed were Debussy's String Quartet and Schubert's Octet. The quartet's playing suffered rather from want of balance; the viola tone was too prominent throughout, whilst the second violin erred in the other direction. The performance had much about it that one could praise, but showed too clearly that four admirable players may not make an equally admirable quartet. In the Octet, naturally, one was much less conscious of this defect, as the additional parts divert a good deal of the attention from the strings, and with the help of Messrs. Hobday (double bass), James (bassoon), Brain (horn), and Draper (clarinet) a very fine and spirited interpretation was given, the tone of the wind being consistently good throughout. In between the Schubert and the Debussy, Mr. Murray Davey sang a group of his own songs, which left the impression that his gifts are of the interpretative rather than the creative order.

*Nu pianeforte 'e notte sona, luntanamente . . .* One knew that the concert given by Mr. Bertram Binyon at the Æolian Hall on February 5 would be an evening at Naples; one can only wish that it had been more Neapolitan than it was. Mr. Binyon generally limits his repertoire to things which he really likes; his variety of tone is limited, and he is getting a tendency to force certain notes by attempting to take them on the middle register. But in such things as a chamber cantata by Alessandro Scarlatti (*Per un momento solo*) and in a group of nineteenth-century Neapolitan songs he was admirable, alike in delicacy of expression and beauty of diction. If he sent people away contentedly humming *Luna d'argento, lass' 'o sunnà*, he sent some of his hearers home to read Salvatore di Giacomo. The real poetry and artistic sincerity of di Giacomo, and of the author of *Fenesta che lucivì e mo non lucì*, showed up well by comparison with some of the other verses. What a pity it is, by the way, that singers of old Italian songs do not get someone to work out the *continuo* for them in a more scholarly and contrapuntal fashion!

## Drama

### SOME MORALS AND AN EMOTION

LYRIC THEATRE.—Dryden's "Marriage à-la-mode."

THAT delicate appreciator of dramatic values, Mr. Sneer, congratulated the managers because, "in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved two houses in the capital where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining." Our own age seems to have reversed the maxim. We do not mind the conversation on our stage not being moral, but we take remarkably good care that it shall not be entertaining. There is no other way of accounting for the fact that while — and — are playing (we hear) to crowded houses, the "Phoenix" has to produce Dryden's "Marriage à-la-mode" under the conventions of a private performance, and is meanwhile told by representative theatrical organs that it is really a disgraceful institution altogether. This preferential treatment surely cannot be due to the circumstance that Dryden drums into our ears matters which modern writers merely labour to insinuate into our imaginations, for that would come perilously near humbug—a vice from which we, as a nation, have been so mercifully preserved. It must be, then, that we are only allowed to see Dryden in private because he is witty, and perhaps on the whole it is a wise precaution. The shock of the unaccustomed is often fatal.

We have said so much because moralizings are expected of a critic on occasions like the present; and we should have been glad to let the moral question go at that. But we find we cannot get away from the moral issue so easily. Somebody keeps jogging our elbow, and pointing out a moral latent in the comedy which audiences are liable to overlook, and which he is keenly anxious they should not be allowed to avoid. We really believe this insistent ghost is the author himself! The point on which, by every artifice in his power, he fixes our attention is the essential worthiness of those two bad young men, Rhodophil, the Captain of the Guard, and Palamede, the courtier. Like Melantha, we develop a *tendre* for them. Compared with that fretful, fawning, ferocious tyrant Polydamas, or his crafty counsellor Argaleon, or that shiftless wretch, artisan of her own unhappiness, Amalthea, or that remarkably raw cub of a Prince, Leonidas, how brightly they shine! What sanity, what kindness, and (there is no other word) what decency they display on almost all occasions! How unhesitatingly they plunge into a street row to save the supposed "boy" from his tipsy assailants! How simply they accept the fact that one of them will have to forgo a night's certain pleasure to save the strange lad from further misadventures! And then, when the wine is scarcely tasted, and the exasperating message comes from the Castle that an outbreak is feared that night and they must report for duty at once, how uncomplainingly they take their hats and cloaks, with no more solace than Palamede's shattering couplet beginning, "Let rogues defend religion and the laws!" If one half of what Dryden meant to teach his audience is contained in the Epilogue, where Rhodophil challenges them to deny that all along they have been hoping the risky scenes would grow riskier still, the other half, we think, is contained in that great line. He must all along have had in mind to show how much less base these frail mortals were than the eminently respectable world they were hired to support. "Let rogues defend religion and the laws!" But, alas! it is Rhodophil and Palamede who defend them. They would otherwise



(in the sense in which Dryden is thinking of them) have perished long ago.

We ought to be grateful to Dryden for this reminder, but that gratitude is swallowed up in the debt we owe to the artist. There is hardly anything second-class in "Marriage à la-mode"; a certain tedium in the scenes of court conspiracy is no doubt part of the design, and even that is broken by the ravishing pastoral of Act II., where Leonidas and Palmyra tell over to each other in rhyme their early village memories. To praise the comedy scenes is offensive patronage, and yet we must linger over the tavern episode. We feel, when it is finished, as if we had lived through a whole night of joyous, irresponsible foolery. We have "done" the carnival thoroughly: danced every dance, tasted every drink, discovered what wits we are, made several confused assignments, and escaped satisfactorily from all of them. And yet the whole thing lasts, we suppose, not more than ten minutes, and we are shown precisely four personages, two tables, and a tray of wine-glasses. Is this scene to be beaten anywhere in English comedy?

It is a good thing that the "Phoenix" has adopted *Pecca fortiter* as its motto. It judges that if it is worth doing these forbidden plays, it is worth doing them well. It could not have made better choices for Melantha and Doralice than Miss Athene Seyler and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. Miss Seyler realizes (perhaps better than anyone else in the cast) that you cannot afford to stop being affected for a moment in this style of comedy. It is not enough to drop in bows and curtsies and flicks of the fan at odd moments; deportment and manner must be continuous, as it is in her rendering of the Frenchified town lady; and so triumphantly is the whole thing carried off that we never for one moment suspect that there can be anything in Melantha's head. Thus only is Melantha made intelligible. Miss Nesbitt is equally perspicuous in her reading of that steely shrew Doralice, that superb *generalissima*! We do not know when she is most dangerous—whether it is in her trench warfare of prayer-books and prudery, or when, for one brief night, she is able to kick, gloriously free, in breeches and ravage the field with her impetuous charges. Miss Nesbitt shows most cleverly the entire change of outward personality that comes with the change of dress, and the persistence beneath it all of the same fierce will and purpose. As Rhodophil and Palamede, Mr. Ion Swinley and Mr. Nicholas Hannen are satisfying, if not inspired. Mr. Swinley brings to his task incisiveness, resonance, and what the old actors called "presence," which are all valuable assets, but we do not feel that much thought has gone to his preparation for the part. Mr. Hannen fandangoes through his part with abundance of gaiety and high spirits, but there is an equally small admixture of brainwork in his impersonation. Moreover his flibbertigibbet motions and postures are quite out of place, as a look at his stately costume should have shown him. To praise everyone else in the cast who deserves a word of praise would be to exceed all limits, but we must felicitate Mr. Harvey Braban on his idea of making the tyrant Polydamas a kind of rococo, Offenbachian Jove. The mixture of periwig and toga in his dress no doubt suggested this reading, and it can hardly be said to do serious violence to the text. It is a good thing to reflect that once a Phoenix comes into existence, it takes a hundred years to end its life. *Adsit omen*! But with all our appreciation of the players and the brave people who got them to play it, the profoundest feeling which the production stirs in us, the real "emotion" hinted at in our title, is simply reverence for the genius of Dryden, for the eternal youth and sweetness of his wit.

D. L. M.

## IMPOTENT CONCLUSIONS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"Tea for Three." A Comedy.  
By Roi Cooper Megrue.

IT seems ungrateful, after the interest with which we watched the development of Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue's comedy up to the end of the second act, to say that its conclusion was almost the worst "let down" we remember to have experienced in the theatre. Yet such is the fact. Mr. Megrue is skilful at tying up his knots; when it comes to resolving them he simply flings the whole thing down in a tangle, and laughs. But we, who were expecting something worthy of him, for once decline to join him in his laugh. A talent for dialogue does not make a dramatist.

The plot of "Tea for Three" can be very briefly told. A gay young wife is married to a plodding, rather dull husband. She seeks to be distracted from boredom by renewing acquaintance with a professional lady's man, who is saved from fatuity by his wit and shrewdness. She gets as far as an evening visit to his rooms, but her husband follows and proposes to her admirer a noiseless duel: the one who draws the unlucky card to make away with himself within twenty-four hours. It is the lover who loses, and he accepts his destiny with well-bred stoicism; but, when his suicide is announced in the paper some hours earlier than was expected, the husband is stricken with remorse, and the wife, divining what he has done, declares in a tremendous outburst that he has robbed her of a fine and innocent friendship—a statement which, whether from the fault of the author or the actress, we cannot possibly believe, any more than we believe in the lover's own disinterested appreciation of the lady, as he expounds it when he turns up to excuse the premature announcement, to say good-bye, and ultimately to consent, on the husband's entreaty, to forgo suicide. This is all tame enough, but what follows is positively futile. For it is now made clear, in a confidential scene with the wife, that the man never did take the duel in earnest, never for a moment contemplated death, and had the faked report of his demise put into the paper by a friend, in the certainty that it would lead to his being forgiven. He was not willing to give his life, he explained, but he was willing to pay £50 to bring off this *coup*. The three were last seen settling down amicably to tea, after which, we suppose, *da capo*. Has such an issue any conceivable significance?

As we have hinted, the strength of the play lies in its delineation of the trained philanderer, who (up to the last act at least) has a sufficiently manly cynicism not to appear a pure popinjay. Mr. Stanley Logan does the part every justice, and it is a verbose and exhausting one. For the husband and wife, more faintly sketched, we are mainly left to rely on what Mr. A. E. Matthews and Miss Fay Compton can read into the text. To find Mr. Matthews being scored off, instead of scoring off other people, is as much of a shock as it would be to see Sherlock Holmes' pocket picked, and by the way he acts he deeply resents it. It is, however, impossible for him not to put some delicious touches into any part he essays. Miss Fay Compton displays to the full her delicate comedy talent, but we do not think the lady was meant to be all cat, and when some stroke of genuine feeling was needed, it was, frankly, not forthcoming. Should not such an inability be a danger-signal to a rising actress?

## Correspondence

### THE COST OF LIVING AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The correspondence in several of the newspapers and weekly journals on the possibility of student life at Cambridge or Oxford on £165 (or is it £225?) per year interests me, because I think I am perhaps more vitally affected by the problem than any of the writers. I do not know to what degree my case is representative. I stand for *unsubsidized* studentship. An application for University Training and Grant was rejected—in some way or other I slipped through the chinks of the regulations. I have, however, a disability pension of 16s. per week, and on that I carry on. So when I, with £40 per year, read that student life is impossible on £225, I am inclined to ejaculate that this is surely Croesus pleading poverty. Of course, the difference in the irreducible

expenditure on School Fees brings the two amounts closer. Your correspondent in THE ATHENÆUM for January 30, mentions appalling amounts. My "School Fees" are, 5s. per annum to the County Town Library, 22 miles away, hence also postages; 7s. 6d. per quarter to Messrs. Smith's Railway Bookstall Library (not nearly so good an investment); 1s. per week for THE ATHENÆUM, *Cambridge Magazine* and *Daily News*; an occasional rather desperate purchase of some almost essential book; odd tuppences for drawing books and ink, and an eighteenpenny MS. book every couple of months. Not being able to obtain a University Course in *Æsthetics*, I bought Valentine's "Experimental Psychology of Beauty" for 1s. and Vernon Lee's "The Beautiful" for 2s., and found enough in these two little books to keep me occupied for half a term. And I cannot imagine that any expensive course of lectures could have been more mentally provocative than Bain's "Mental Science," a copy of which became my very own for 4s.

As for my house expenses:—I pay 3s. 6d. per week for a furnished cottage (if I had a bed, table and chair I would take an unfurnished one for 1s. 6d.). And, of course, I do my own cooking. This at first was a blasphemous nuisance, but at the price of a few culinary calamities, I developed a subconscious control and can now produce fascinating fries with the least possible interruption of the mental trains. If one can survive the discomfort of a change of habit (and who can't?) and be forced into economic studies, it will be found that living is not really dear. A breakfast of bacon and egg costs 1s., it is true, but a plate of oatmeal or rice only 1d. or 1½d., and fried or boiled vegetables 2d. Tea is double pre-war, but water, which is better for health, costs nothing. (Alas! my income still allows dissipation.) As for clothing:—I have corduroy coat, waistcoat and breeches, purchased at three different pawnshops at a total price of 18s. These will probably last some years. Recent expenditures have been second-hand (or foot) Army Bluchers 10s. 6d., second-hand (or foot) Army socks 1s. 3d.

I think it possible that a serious student concerned in the fullest sense with the economic side of his studentship might leave the wasteful Cambridge or Oxford solution and embark with pure gain upon a personal adventure in scholarship. I imagine that the least a student could live on in these days without real discomfort is 5s. per week (not £225 per annum, but £13 per annum). Below that amount discomfort would commence. At half-a-crown only, a dug-out would solve the housing problem; at fivepence, THE ATHENÆUM would have to go; but long before either student or income arrived at extinction he would have learned which among the local weeds were edible.

I am helped in these reflections by observing that in THE ATHENÆUM, running collaterally with the discussion on the cost of living, has appeared the discussion on Compulsory Greek, and the reminder of that lunacy has caused me to realize that my own little University provides yet one more vital means of economy—Economy of Mental Effort. I do not think that any student in the country can have made more definite progress than I have done during these last few months, and one reason for this is that I have been entirely free from the exasperations and fatigues of *irrelevant* studies. Perhaps the word "lunacy" applied to Professordom sounds unnecessarily strong, but as a child I suffered, with millions of other Englishmen, from the imposition of General Education in an Elementary School, and know it as a form of compulsory indigestion. Lind Af Hageby, commenting on the bad show made by the young Strindberg, said, "His mind was congested with unformulated thought, and the way to learning was barred." He was, of course, learning tumultuously, but not academically. But are our Universities only inflated elementary schools, where a still more elaborate species of Dyspepsia may be contracted? Is University Life *mentally* as well as materially expensive?

But I have still more disturbing questions to ask. Not is £225 a year too little, but if it is not just £225 too much. Would it not be better to deal with the aspirant in the manner of the ancient initiations, testing the strength of his intellectual passions by trials of reasonable severity, making the grand condition of his studentship his complete economic independence? Please do not think I am hinting at any personal moral excellence for emulation. Quite the opposite. Under

the excuse of studentship I have committed all sorts of crimes against independence, but then it is so easy to sponge on people. One is not assisted by a sufficient general austerity. One even receives gratuitous help. People are too kind. I believe if one did get to the dug-out stage the experiment would take the startling turn of a flourishing provision stall, the details being presentations left furtively in the night by anxious neighbours. Was it Mr. Clive Bell who suggested that the young artist should be guaranteed a sixpenny doss-house bed? But isn't this molly-coddling? Sixpence is a singularly difficult amount to *earn*.

There is another aspect to this question. The natural result of education is revolution. The brightest students of all time compete for positions on the extreme left. The Government which subsidizes study patronizes revolution. An English embryonic Lenin is probably even now at Oxford or Cambridge, costing the Government he is destined to overthrow £165 (or is it £225?) per annum. Genius is a cuckoo—he throws his benefactors out of the nest. Therefore, for the preservation of good manners, and the avoidance of ingratitude, is it not better to refuse help to genius? And if genius should not be assisted, who should?

SCHOLAR GYPSY.

### SHAKESPEARE'S HAREBELL

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It is quite easy to show that the wild hyacinth was Shakespeare's harebell. He associates it with spring flowers, and he is usually accurate in this respect. There is a probability that Fletcher does the same in the bridal song in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," in which (if I remember rightly) Professor Skeat proposed to read,

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
With harebells dim,

in place of the (to us) meaningless "her bells dim." But it is not necessary to adduce any further proof than is given us by the old herbalists. Gerard figures and describes the English jacinth (hyacinth) as Hare's bell; Parkinson follows him to the same effect, and I am under the impression that others do so too. The first known appearance of the name as applied to the campanula is, I believe, in the Scottish poet Mickle, and later Scottish writers have done much to extend this use of it. But some of our modern poets stick to the older usage. Thus Coventry Patmore,

Touch'd by the zephyr dances the harebell,  
Cuckoo sits somewhere singing so loud,

in a poem of the very early spring. As for the reason for the name, Phillips ("Flora Historica") suggests that it is due to the fact that the flower occurs frequently in places frequented by hares. I am aware that the name is now usually given to the campanula, but I was pleased some years since to hear children in Kew Gardens speaking of "the pretty harebells under the trees." I have omitted to say that there is an old rime (quoted by Folkard) which runs:

Abouts St. George, when blue is worn,  
The blue harebells the fields adorn.

St. George's Day is April 23, Shakespeare's birthday. I should add that all my citations are from memory, but they may be trusted, and I could add to them.

Yours truly, C. C. BELL.

Milton Park, N.6.

### ART AND THE SCHOOLBOY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Oscar Browning's letter in last week's ATHENÆUM made me look up the leading article to which he referred, and which I had missed. May I say how much I agree with the writer's plea for combating an indifference to art before it is firmly established, by means of some form of teaching on the subject for boys—and I suppose girls also? But whereas the writer advocates lectures by different types of evangelists, both orthodox and rebellious, and proposes that each should urge his views upon the audience, I would suggest an alternative plan, and one that would be less confusing to beginners. Why not show slides of good and bad versions of the same subject, and leave the boys and girls to decide for themselves what they like? Show them, for example, tree studies by a Sung painter, Claude, Leader, and

Cézanne, or Annunciations by Arthur Hacker and Fra Angelico, and let them discover by means of such sharp contrasts which are works of art and which are not.

Of course the lecturer must also express his or her own preferences, and help the audience on to the right lines of criticism; but it is astonishing how quickly boys and girls can develop a good critical sense of their own when taught in this way, and how soon they begin to appreciate what they might have rebelled against, if an attempt had been made to force their admiration. Any lecturer, working on these lines, can be guaranteed an audience which will beg for more slides at the end of an hour.

Work of this sort could become important at the present time, when we are entering on a great age of reconstruction without a living tradition to guide us. Modern life, and not lectures, will bring about a renaissance in art, if such a thing is to be. Still, much could be done by the education of public taste.

I remain Yours, etc.,

41, Gordon Square, W.C.1.

MARGARET H. BULLEY.

SIR,—Mr. Browning has my sympathy, knowing as I do the schoolboy's attitude towards art, for what he did to arouse and develop interest in art. But he puts it in a way which may mislead many people. He speaks of photographs as "artistic," and lower down of "pictures," where the context implies that photographs are meant. One knows that the people whose business it is to sell reproductions are out to foster the idea that they *are* pictures, for such are found in houses where one would not expect to see them. Therefore it is the more necessary to denounce this substitution and to expose every attempt to introduce photographic process-work as pictures.

It is true that even the rich in many cases have ceased to buy original work, and many would be aghast at giving £50 or even £10 for a picture or print, who would give a large sum for a car as a matter of course. In the old days it was different. Vermeer, if I remember aright, was bought mainly by a baker, and the portraits of van Eyck and Memling show the sort of people who then bought works of art—necessarily so because there were none other to buy.

Reproductions are most interesting and useful as reminders and hints, but they can never take the place of pictures. If Mr. Browning led his boys to believe that they were art lovers and art patrons because they bought reproductions for their walls, then he by so much stultified their appreciation of art.

Yours faithfully,

ALLEN W. SEABY.

School of Art,  
University College, Reading.

#### ANCIENT BRITISH EARTHWORKS AND TRENCHES IN EPPING FOREST

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The illuminating and timely, yet not too copious review on ancient British earthworks which you printed last week (p. 176) reminds of a fact singularly little known to interested Londoners. It is that there are, within easy reach of London, in that fine old treasure of romance and history—Epping Forest—two of the finest specimens of early British encampments, now quite untended and open to all.

The more interesting and important of the twain, either to anthropologists, archaeologists or the general interested public, is Ambresbury Banks, close to the main road at Epping Town. Herein, according to a much-favoured local tradition, the tragic Queen Boadicea made her last stand against the Roman invaders. It has been proved to be a purely British encampment as distinct from a Roman fortification. Smart Lethieullier, the antiquary, has declared it to be the site of a British *oppidum*, and remains since discovered there go far to prove his words correct. It is, in shape, an irregular oblong, quite 230 yards in length.

Loughton Camp, deep hid in the thickest part of this primæval forest, is said to be associated with Cassivellaunus, and partakes in size, shape, and other characteristics (including subsequent discoveries of weapons and domestic utensils) with the neighbouring camp at Ambresbury. Many keen Londoners will doubtless be pleased to know of the nearness of these fine British earthworks.

W. CURRAN REEDY.

## Foreign Literature

### A DESIRABLE DEVIL

EL DIABLO COJUELO. Por Luis Vélez de Guevara. Edición y notas de Francisco Rodríguez Marín. "Clásicos Castellanos." (Madrid, "La Lectura." 4 ptas.)

EL DIABLO COJUELO. Por Luis Vélez de Guevara. "Colección Universal." (Madrid and Barcelona, Calpe. 30 c.)

VÉLEZ de Guevara's story has always been a favourite in Spain, and in the eighteenth century it became known to the whole of Europe through the version of Le Sage. The reason for its popularity is not difficult to find. "Cojuelo" is vastly entertaining to read; and it will stand being read in the most perilous conditions to which a classic can be submitted—the actual scene of the story, three hundred years later. I happen to be sitting at a fourth-floor window in the very street to which Cojuelo flew with Don Cleofás, when they perched on the top of a tower and looked down on the most intimate life of Madrid as if the houses had no roofs to them; and I can only wish that some subtle fiend of Cojuelo's tribe would lift the roofs from the brains of modern Madrid, so that one could see what was going on inside—and at the same time warm the room a little.

"El Diablo Cojuelo" may not be a work of real greatness, but it has many of the attributes of immortality. It is still interesting to read, and, though not particularly bawdy, has things in it to interest everyone. Do you like the Ballet? Cojuelo boasts that he was the inventor of some of the most famous—or infamous—dances: the Saraband, the Chaconne and the "Bullicucuzcuz." Are you a musician? Guevara is always bringing in music. He gives a diverting description of street musicians, hired to sing madrigals beneath a lady's window, being put to flight by another band hired by someone else for the same purpose. Their performance, he says, ended in "a fugue in four or five different directions." Do you revel in the hectic globe-trotting of Sylvia Scarlett? Cojuelo thinks little of flying over to Constantinople for the night, and pausing in Venice on the way back to chatter with the private secretaries of diplomats in the Piazza. Have you written letters to THE ATHENÆUM on slang in war-time? Perhaps you can explain why it is that of all the abuse showered on Cojuelo and Don Cleofás by three strangers at a wayside inn, only the words used by the Englishman are unintelligible? The Frenchman's remarks are in the best traditions of the British soldier, and would be comprehended as they stand by every modern Englishman. But the Englishman in the story, instead of basing his imprecations upon the facts of theology or physiology, merely remarks: "Nitesgut español." It might be thought at first that this wandering "Englishman" was really a German, as indeed is sometimes the case; but Don Francisco Rodríguez Marín (whose learned notes are often as entertaining as Gibbon's) rather perversely interprets the phrase as "Nitty (lousy) goose," or even "Naughty Guest." If the Englishman had said "You no bon," he would have been recognizable at once. But "Nitesgut"? Is it not more probable that another explanation is the right one, and that Guevara confounded two unknown Northern languages, thinking that *Nichts gut* would pass for English?

"El Diablo Cojuelo" is connected with a curious piece of literary history. In 1707 Le Sage published "Le diable boiteux," which was taken almost entirely from Guevara, as Le Sage himself admitted. He wrote plays in imitation of Calderon and Lope de Vega, and brought out a shortened French version of the famous picaresque novel, "Don Guzman de Alfarache." His masterpiece was, of course, "Gil Blas de Santillana," which, though



Spanish in form and argument, is undoubtedly an original work of Le Sage. Among the learned Jesuits expelled from Spain in the middle of the eighteenth century was a certain Padre Isla, who had written an amusing book on "The History of the Celebrated Preacher, Brother Gerund," and parodied with exquisite humour the conventional type of sermon to which an eighteenth-century Spanish congregation used to listen with complacency and approval. Some time after the ingenious Jesuit was comfortably settled in Bologna, an unknown admirer in Madrid wrote explaining that he was in want; could Padre Isla possibly send him a book which he might sell *como pan bendito*, i.e., at a high price, as having belonged to the celebrated and unfortunate author of "Fray Gerundio"? Padre Isla sent him a Castilian version of "Gil Blas," accompanied by a learned and plausible "preliminary conversation" in which he endeavoured to prove that it was not written by Le Sage at all, but by an unknown Spanish author who had composed it during the ministry of Olivares, but had been prevented from publishing it by the Government. Le Sage, he claimed, had spent many years in Spain attached to the French Embassy, and had made friends with a certain Andalusian lawyer, from whom he received the manuscript of "Gil Blas." Isla's version, which is a free translation of Le Sage, was published at Valencia after his death with the title: "Gil Blas, Stolen from Spain and adopted in France by M. Le Sage, now restored to his native land and original language by a zealous Spaniard who will not allow his country to be made fun of." Padre Isla succeeded in converting a certain number of people to his theory; but there is little doubt that it was really a joke, and from the character of the man and his acute sense of fun, this explanation may be considered the most likely. He was, however, seriously opposed by certain erudite Spaniards and Frenchmen, and in 1818 evidence was adduced to show that Le Sage, though exceedingly well read in Spanish literature, had never been in Spain in his life. Since then "Gil Blas" has been proved to be a patchwork, and the sources from which it was compiled have been fully worked out.

Of the two new editions of "El Diablo Cojuelo," that issued in the collection of "Clasicos Castellanos" is fully up to the standard set by the earlier publications of "La Lectura," both in type and scholarship. The pocket edition in the new "Colección Universal" is remarkably well printed, and has the advantage that, while it explains some of the more difficult words, it does not distract one's attention from the story. J. B. T.

### TIRED JOURNALISM

LE DIABLE À L'HÔTEL; OU, LES PLAISIRS IMAGINAIRES. Par Emile Henriot. (Paris, Emil-Paul Frères. 3fr. 50.)

THERE are many books which are clearly not literature, and are usually described conveniently as "journalism." But the term does not really convey very much. There is no necessary implication of praise or reproach; it is a mere categoric classification with a negative significance. It can be applied with equal justice to a dozen books which have nothing in common but the lack of certain qualities which are usually regarded as essential to literature. As applied to "Le Diable à l'Hôtel" it means something very like hackwork. We do not know if M. Henriot really passed a few weeks at the Hôtel du Consul Sextius at Aix, or if such an establishment in fact exists. We do not know if he really discussed cabalism with Michel Riom, and conceived a hopeless passion for Miss Doris Dorotheia Curtiss. But we are inclined to believe every word of "Le Diable à l'Hôtel" because it is so convincingly dull. Surely no one could have evoked so clammy and unsatisfactory a holiday from his imagination. This tedious recital is surely printed straight from the note-book of a tired reporter who has found nothing interesting to report—journalism, in fact, in one of its most depressing phases—the phase when it induces a man to write and write when he has absolutely nothing to say. W.

## LETTERS FROM ITALY

### VII. PANZINI\*

ALFREDO PANZINI is a writer who has acquired a great reputation in Italy during the last few years. Born at Sinigaglia in 1863, he became a humble master in a Liceo, and he continues to divide his busy life between teaching and literary work. He leaped into fame a few years ago after a long period of obscurity, but success has not spoiled him. He had already found his way, and he has continued to pursue it steadily and calmly, without unduly forcing his rather limited talent in an attempt to achieve more startling effects.

"Il Libro dei Morti," published in 1893, was his first book. It was followed by "Lepida et Tristia," short stories published in Treves' *Illustrazione Italiana*; "Piccole Storie del Mondo Grande," where, among commonplace stories, are to be found admirable pages on that region of saints and poets that contains Loreto and Recanati; by "Novelle di Ambo i Sessi," and by a large number of short stories in the daily papers and the reviews.

His "Dizionario Moderno" sets him clearly before us both as scholar and as artist. The mere erudition of the lexicographer is here informed with an instinctive insight into the meanings of words by means of which he is able to give us historical rather than verbal interpretations of them. Unlike most dictionaries, it is quite short, since Panzini confines himself to a few selected words and phrases in general use, and instead of explaining them he allows his charming humour and his wide experience of men and affairs to play round them and suggest a commentary.

If we look up the word "humour," which, as we shall soon see, is a very marked characteristic of the man, we find that he says:

The humourist has his own way of expressing truth—a way that is at once kindly, sly, simple and usually comic, since the contrast between actual truth and reality and man's normal activities is so glaring that the strongest feeling it provokes is an impulse to laugh. Under this laugh there generally runs an undercurrent of pessimism. Simplicity is the first condition, the essence of humour.

We shall return to this subject later. For the moment we will turn to Panzini's best book, "La Lanterna di Diogene" (1907). The plot is, as always with him, very slight—a bicycle trip from Milan to a little village on the coast of Emilia which he calls Bellaria. There is nothing in it that has even a savour of an adventure or a touch of the sporting outlook. Little incidents of the journey, frugal meals in tiny inns buried among mountains, minute descriptions of visits to priests, fishermen or peasants, of excursions and the like—mere trifles that would leave the reader altogether cold but for the personality of the author, by means of which they are tricked out in attractive colours. At bottom all these incidents are merely pretexts for setting his mind working, since he requires the stimulus of a material object, of the obvious and commonplace contrasts of everyday life, to enable him to embroider his delicate philosophy upon it.

Indeed, he is continually reminding us that he is a philosopher and likes us to know that he reads the "Phædo" and Homer in Greek. But this he does altogether without ostentation and with a kind of maidenly modesty, as if his scepticism had convinced him that the world would go on much the same without either the philosophy or the poems, and that a knowledge of them will at best cast a shadow of melancholy over human affairs. But as a matter of fact he is anything but a philosopher. Face to face with a world that can stand firmly upon its own legs without philosophy he reaches the conclusion that the ideas of the philosopher and the non-philosopher are very much alike, so that, in the last instance, Plato finds himself in the same boat with the swearing fisherman or the Socialist postman who philosophizes in his own way. The contrasts are not reconciled as a thinker would reconcile them. They are, instead, treated with a kindly irony based upon an affectionate understanding of life in all its aspects, each one of which possesses an inherent necessity of its own. At bottom his irony is aimed rather at his own weakness for philosophy than at the attitude of the vulgar.

\*Letter VI., on Guido Gozzano, appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for November 21, 1919.

Panzini's irony has resulted in his being considered a humorist in the English sense of the term. It cannot be denied that his humour often wells up spontaneously, though at times he exaggerates it to the verge of silliness. But it is no less true that it does not form an essential element in his temperament, which is too easily moved—I might almost say too romantic—to be perfectly at home in the fetters of an ironical mannerism adopted as an end in itself. His humour is merely a cloak for his feelings, a sort of virginal masculine shrinking from displaying his emotions and his inmost thoughts to the world. In this he reminds us of Gozzano, who also shields the deeper places of his soul under literature and irony. But Panzini is better balanced. He has more of the wisdom of the serpent, and is therefore better able to shelter himself behind the mask of his humour. In "La Lanterna di Diogene" there is a special charm about this reserve, this attempt to conceal himself, his true self, though it insists on peeping out here and there from behind the mask with which he has not yet succeeded in screening himself completely. But in his later work the fit of the mask is too perfect, and Panzini's methods have the coldness of a mannerism, almost of a cliché. His decadence has begun. In "La Lanterna di Diogene" he still retains enough of the consciousness of his true self to write: "Let us be frank: it is easy to sit in an armchair with a pipe in one's mouth and write a prescription that will reconcile the contradictions of life; and still more easy to seize upon the ridiculous side of human life. True philosophy is better symbolized by the forefinger upon the lips—silence." His honestly sentimental attitude towards philosophy and anti-philosophy, touched off as equivalents, finds even better expression:

Now everyone knows that, for the fool, the Lord is outside us, while the heir of evolution has taken Him within himself—all very attractive, but as we are mere pigmies, things remain pretty much as they were and we find ourselves terribly alone all the same.

But the essentially romantic character of the man is brought out even more clearly by his strong feeling for nature, which finds expression in the numerous lyrics, innocent of rhyme or metre, that stud his pages. He lets himself go when face to face with Nature far more completely than when among his fellows, who always put him upon the defensive. And Nature appeals to him not merely in the freshness of the free, healthy feelings she awakens, but even more in the spiritualizing of her history. Indeed, he tells us that in setting himself to relate the story of his bicycle trip one of his objects was to see whether his brain was still elastic, that is, able not merely to receive strong impressions from the beautiful living things around him, but to see all the past that has vanished and ceased to live and to feel the approach of the future. Thus he harmonizes and fuses his historical sense with his feeling for Nature, creating a landscape that is profoundly subjective and lyrical, in the sense in which the artist sees the vast expanse of his own thoughts reflected in the world around him. This is the kind of naturalism that harmonizes best with a man of to-day. It is not a simple feeling for Nature as "alma parens," not a return of the spirit upon itself, detached from Nature, but a close union between Nature humanized and made history, that is the most striking characteristic of the art we see ripening in the spirit of to-day. In Panzini, as in Gozzano, this art is only just beginning; reflection is often superimposed upon Nature, failing to harmonize with it from the very fact that it remains external to it; the inspiration flags and becomes intermittent. But both are upon the right way, or at least upon the new way. If we compare them with D'Annunzio's landscapes, where the lyrical personality is almost swallowed up in the world of sensations which it is impossible to reconcile with these historical landscapes, we shall see that the inspiration is profoundly imitative. We might almost be dealing with a return to Carducci's historical landscapes, although, in saying so, we are making comparisons that are altogether on the surface, so different is Carducci's conception of history from that of these moderns.

In "La Lanterna di Diogene" Panzini plumes himself not a little upon his Hellenism, upon a pagan tendency in his thought. Yet nothing could be further removed from Hellenism than his sentimental, almost morbidly subjective temperament. And when in his novel "Santippe" (1914)

he attempted a Greek subject, the falseness of the result was hardly concealed by the richness of the humour. It is true that he chose for his characters a woman so thoroughly un-Greek as the shrew Xanthippe, and Socrates, the least Greek of all the great men of Greece, who, in his inward struggles, foreshadows in no small degree the subjective struggles of our own day. But to set them in their Greek milieu was a task altogether beyond his power; for although he knows Greek, he is at bottom a thorough modern, tortured in spirit and incapable of getting outside himself. He has given us a degenerate Socrates, who has become a Panzini and uses Panzini's irony, though all the time he lacks the feeling of a modern writer. The book is pleasant enough reading, so long as we forget the historical characters and see in it nothing more than a pendant to "La Lanterna di Diogene," a fantasy of the author, who has for the moment donned the clothes of the Greek philosopher.

Panzini's last books have been his least successful. "La Madonna di Mama" is the story of the adventures of a professor during the war, very thin and of no importance. "Un Viaggio Circolare in Prima Classe di un Povero Letterato," part of which appeared in the *Nuova Antologia* in January-February, 1915, and which has been published in volume form by Treves of Milan, is merely a réchauffé of "La Lanterna di Diogene"—a journey with impressions of scenery and people. Indeed, of recent years Panzini's artistic vein shows sad signs of exhaustion. Travelling is for him no longer an excuse for looking about and meditating upon himself; it has become a mechanical process for producing books. The true content, the impressions and reflections, recur again and again in a way that is wearisome and commonplace. It is obvious that Panzini has written himself out and has furbished up his old ideas in order to produce a book for commercial purposes.

It is well to read only one thing by Panzini—his best work is undoubtedly "La Lanterna di Diogene"—because one easily tires of him. We always find the same antitheses, the same irony, but unfortunately not always the same lyrical confessions; it is only in his best books that they relieve the mediocrity of his half-philosophical, half-artistic humour. But it says much for Panzini that after the deluge of literary bombast and the orgies of sensuality of the last few years, he has brought us back to a world of honest simplicity, in which the taste of the public, now eager for healthy literature, may have a chance of recovering itself.

GUIDO DE RUGGIERO.

RAGAZZO. Da Piero Jahier. (Rome, La Voce. 3.50 lire.) — Though the young Italian writers of to-day have not yet found it necessary to devote portentous volumes to the record of their schooldays, they are showing a tendency to "reminisce" at an age when their fathers were thinking of beginning to live. In one who has fought through the war this is only natural, for the violent rending of all the threads that linked his early life to the present must give it a peculiar completeness and remoteness. Obviously there is much that is autobiographical in Signor Jahier's "Ragazzo," and once we are through the first chapter with its sensationally futuristic description of the boy's feelings at the sudden death of his father, the erring Calvinist minister, it becomes distinctly interesting, and strikes that genuine note that is so characteristic of its author. The mother belongs to the old school. It is not for her to understand her children. Good management, not sympathy, is wanted to bring up a family of six on a much reduced income, as at least her daughter realizes, and we get considerable insight into how it is all done. Is not his weekly struggle with the butcher for a good piece of meat for the family among the boy's most vivid memories? We see something of his school life, where he first learns the joy of earning money, if only for doing another boy's exercises for him. But clearly it is the village in the mountains whence his ancestors sprang and where he spends his holidays that appeals most irresistibly to Signor Jahier, though when at last he returns thither he finds "nulla, nulla rimasto fermo secondo il cuore—se non forse le grandi montagne."

In the course of March a further sale of twenty-six illuminated manuscripts and eight fine incunabula printed on vellum from the Yates-Thompson collection will be held by Messrs. Sotheby. The books are of the highest rarity in any form—more especially when on vellum and illuminated, as most of these are.

# List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## GENERAL WORKS.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

**Book-Prices Current**, 1918-1919, vol. 33. Edited by J. H. Slater. Elliot Stock, 1919. 9 in. 842 pp. index of bindings, 32/6 n. 018.3  
See review, p. 211.

**Sayle (A.)**. *VILLAGE LIBRARIES: a guide to their formation and upkeep*. Grant Richards, 1919. 8 in. 135 pp. apps., 5/ n. 027.4  
See review, p. 212.

## 100 PHILOSOPHY.

**Burroughs (Edward Arthur)**. *THE WAY OF PEACE: a study of the earliest programme of Christian life*. Introduction by the Bishop of London. Longmans, 1920. 7½ in. 160 pp., 3/6 n. 172.4

Five years ago, the author says, he felt that the war was part of the vindication of the moral order, part of the needed proof that this is God's world and not just a complicated and bewildering material machine. Yet now, for lack of moral improvement, we cannot find peace. For most men, Mammon still sits in the seat of God. Yet if God is still there "working His purpose out," according as men supply the conditions, then all we need is faith enough to enter boldly upon this "Way of Peace." Canon Burroughs has founded his chapters on the Benedictus; but his book is no commonplace sermon or text-book of doctrine, and will be read with sympathy and edification.

\***Freud (Sigmund)**. *TOTEM AND TABOO: resemblances between the psychic lives of savages and neurotics*. Authorized translation, with introduction by A. A. Brill. Routledge, 1919. 9 in. 280 pp., 10/6 n. 132  
See review, p. 205.

## 200 RELIGION.

**Hennessy (Theodore Harber)**. *JOEL, OBADIAH, JONAH AND MALACHI*. Cambridge, University Press, 1919. 6½ in. 130 pp. index, 3/ n. 224.7 and .9

Lucid commentaries for the use of young students. Each commentary is accompanied by the text of the R.V. provided with numerous footnotes.

\***Selwyn (Edward Carus)**. *FIRST CHRISTIAN IDEAS*. Edited, with an introductory memoir, by his eldest son. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 285 pp. index, 9/ n. 225.6

In this fascinating study Dr. Selwyn endeavours to trace the influence of various passages from the O.T. prophetic writings on the writers of the Gospels. The book abounds in acute and ingenious criticism; many knotty points are convincingly elucidated, and the implications of Dr. Selwyn's main thesis make his book more than an interesting and learned contribution to N.T. textual criticism.

\***Srawley (Ven. James Herbert)**. *THE EPISTLES OF ST. IGNAZIUS, BISHOP OF ANTIOCH* ("Translations of Christian Literature"; Series I, Greek Texts). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 132 pp. introd. trans. notes, indexes, 4/ n. 281.1

A reissue of Archdeacon Srawley's introduction to, and translation of, the bishop's letters.

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

\***Barker (J. Ellis)**. *ECONOMIC STATESMANSHIP*. Murray, 1920. 9 in. 624 pp. index, 16/ n. 330.4

The new edition of this valuable book contains a substantial addition of some 200 pages, in which the author examines the economic position and future of Japan and Russia;

the British Coal Problem and the Sankey Report (which is described as a disaster); British Railways, Canals and Roads; the Merchant Marine and the Empire; Land and Housing (the author wisely advocates a simple registration of title); British Industrial Inefficiency (here he produces startling figures concerning the output of the British and the American workman); and Labour Unrest. On this vexed topic the author admits that the interests of Capital and Labour must be made identical; this end he hopes to achieve by a form of profit-sharing, increasing the capital of a concern by 50 per cent. and distributing these shares among the workers. There is certainly plenty of opportunity for this operation at the present time, when the inflation of capital proceeds apace. One may not agree with all Mr. Barker's conclusions, but there is no doubt that his book is a storehouse of important facts and figures.

**Bootham School, York**. *THE NINETY-FIRST REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF BOOTHAM SCHOOL*. York, Bootham School, 1919. 8½ in. 24 pp. front. paper. 373.4274

The report reflects the flourishing condition of Bootham School, testifies to the widening of the pupils' mental outlook, and includes an account of the successful trial of a limited measure of self-government among the boys of the upper school.

**Branford (Benchara)**. *A NEW CHAPTER IN THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT*. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 7½ in. 238 pp. index, 5/ n. 350.1

Mr. Branford makes a great display of italics, and thus conveys an impression of much earnestness. His statements have, indeed, all the force of platitudes, and we wish that he had given us a more detailed study of the ways in which his generalities might be applied to actual problems.

\***Cole (Sanford D.)**. *INSURANCE LAW: a practical study of principles in marine, fire, life and accident business*. Effingham Wilson, 1920. 7½ in. 166 pp. table of cases, bibliog. index, 6/ n. 368

A clear and interesting account of the legal aspect of insurance. Although written primarily for those engaged in insurance business, it may be read with profit by the ordinary person who has taken out any kind of insurance policy. Several of the cases quoted are neat, subtle, and thoroughly illuminating.

**Worts (F. R.)**. *MODERN INDUSTRIAL HISTORY* ("New Teaching Series"). Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 7½ in. 258 pp. index, 6/ n. 330.9

The author's starting-point is the eighteenth century. Chapters are devoted to the industrial and agrarian revolutions; to the beginnings of banking, credit, and capitalism; to poor-law reform, and the regulations of factory life; to mining, railways, and shipping; and to strikes, the co-operative movement, and modern social and industrial conditions.

## 400 PHILOLOGY.

**Buzza (G. Kessen) et Hurt (E. E.)**. *LA LANGUE FRANÇAISE: grammaire à l'usage des classes moyennes et supérieures*. Murray, 1920. 7½ in. 246 pp., 3/6 n. 445

Succinct and clear explanations are the distinguishing features of this grammar, which has been compiled to meet the requirements of secondary school pupils. The book includes some "exceptions" often omitted from school grammars.

**Forbes (Nevill)**. *ELEMENTARY RUSSIAN GRAMMAR*. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 7 in. 183 pp. indexes, limp cloth, 3/ n. 491.7

There is no near cut to the Russian language, unless, perhaps, for a very keen-scented philologist. The less fortunate neophyte must be prepared for much spade-work and a great effort of sheer memory. On the other hand, such is the structure of Russian that a thorough mastery of the elements, once laboriously attained, rewards the student with almost instant illumination. Mr. Forbes clears the ground admirably by beginning with the pronouns, adverbs and similar particles round which so much of Russian idiom turns. Exhaustive exercises are appended to each chapter, and the ambitious student is referred to the more advanced publications of the same author.



**Grace (Stanley W.).** A PRIMER OF FRENCH PRONUNCIATION. Methuen [1920]. 8 in. 147 pp. index, 3/ 441.5  
A work on "practical phonetics" applied to French, which is offered as an attempt at a logical treatment of the pronunciation of the language, and is designed to be a guide to English teachers of French orthoepy. There are some especially good features in the book, e.g. the chapters upon liaison, H aspirate, final consonants, and words frequently mispronounced.

**Segal (Louis).** RUSSIAN IDIOMS AND PHRASES. Kegan Paul [1919]. 5 by 7½ in. 52 pp., 2/6 n. 491.7  
An extremely useful book. Our only complaint is that the author too frequently paraphrases instead of giving the strictly corresponding English idiom; e.g., "to live like cat and dog" is just as much an English as a Russian phrase.

## 600 USEFUL ARTS.

**Fairchild (C. B.), Jr.** TRAINING FOR THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY BUSINESS. Written under the supervision of T. E. Mitten. Lippincott [1919]. 8 in. 155 pp. il., 6/ n. 621.33

A well-illustrated book, the purpose of which is to explain, non-technically, the business of electric "railroading."

**\*Robertson (John Braithwaite).** THE CHEMISTRY OF COAL ("Chemical Monographs," 6). Gurney & Jackson, 1919. 7½ in. 104 pp. bibliog. index, 3/6 n. 662.6  
An able summary, dealing with the origin, occurrence, classification, properties, oxidation, destructive distillation, sampling, and analysis of coal.

**\*Stone (Gilbert).** THE BRITISH COAL INDUSTRY. Dent, 1919. 7½ in. 200 pp. index, 3/6 n. 622.33  
Sometime Deputy Head of Production in the Coal Mines Department, Assistant Secretary to the Coal Industry Commission, and Secretary to the Controllers' Advisory Board, Mr. Stone is well qualified to lay before the public some of the psychological, sociological and material problems which are associated with the coal industry, and to deal with aspects of the controversy between the representatives of Capital and Labour respecting British collieries. The author considers that the operations and financial results of the coal industry should be made fully public.

## 800 LITERATURE.

**Art and Letters :** vol. 3, no. 1, New Series, Winter. 9, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, 1920. 10 in. 51 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 805

The current number of this chameleon-hued and lively periodical contains a fine drawing by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and a brilliantly facetious story by him called "Sigismund." But why on earth Mr. Lewis should employ his great literary talent on such a piece of epatisme passes our comprehension. Mr. T. S. Eliot contributes an able, and, we think, thoroughly sound article on the poetic drama *à propos* the recent performance of the "Duchess of Malfi"; and Miss Dorothy Richardson supplies a further incident from the infinite life of Miriam, which lacks incisiveness, but is, on the other hand, more than sensationally coherent. The worst item in the number is an intolerably playful article on "Georgian Poetry."

**\*Duclaux (Madame Mary).** TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRENCH WRITERS: reviews and reminiscences. Collins [1920]. 8 in. 281 pp. pors., 7/6 n. 840.9  
In her "image" or "reflection" of the twentieth century in France this admirable French scholar writes chiefly of the last fourteen years, and in studies all too brief characterizes the personalities and the work of Maurice Barrès, Romain Rolland, Edmond Rostand, Claudel, Jammes, René Boylesve, André Gide, Péguy, Barbusse, Duhamel, the Comtesse de Noailles, and others.

**Phillimore (J. S.).** ILLE EGO: VIRGIL AND PROFESSOR RICHMOND. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. 10 in. 29 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 873.1  
In this pamphlet, which agreeably combines liveliness and learning, Mr. Phillimore seeks to refute certain arguments recently set forth by Professor Richmond in his inaugural address to the Humanity Class at Edinburgh. Professor Richmond holds that the four autobiographical verses, restored in the Oxford text of Virgil "to the position which Nisus was in the habit of saying they had occupied before

Varius' recension," are spurious, and the work of Nisus himself. Mr. Phillimore answers, as it seems to us convincingly, that there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the verses.

**Thorpe (Joseph).** BROKEN BRIDGES; OR, THE BOLSHEVIST: an industrial play in three acts. Grant Richards [1920]. 7 in. 82 pp., 5/ n. 822.9

The author is better at a Labour article than a Labour play. His hero is general organizer of an association of engineers, and in a strike is treacherously menaced with a false exposure for bribery by his employer. He loves the employer's daughter. All goes well in the end with the workmen and the lovers; not so with the autocratic head of the firm, who gives in all round, and retires a broken man.

## POETRY.

**Friedlaender (V. H.).** A FRIENDSHIP; and other poems, "Country Life," 1919. 7½ in. 72 pp. index, boards. 3/6 n. 821.9

Miss Friedlaender has something to say. That in itself is enough to recommend her book to the attention of readers grown a little weary of the emptiness of most contemporary poetic eloquence. She writes of the old, eternally actual themes, love, art, death—and especially death. She has thought about these things, felt them; what she has to say is her own and generally interesting. Her technique is traditional; she handles the established forms with lucidity and precision. At its best her expression is admirable; her weaknesses are due to a too easy acceptance of the "poetical" words and phrases of tradition. Thus an otherwise excellent poem, "Art," is, for us at least, enfeebled by

No moment but may have in fee  
That bright, immortal alchemy.

Rhyme is, we know, tyrannical; but nothing except an absolute inevitability of sense and sound can justify the use of a phrase so dead and dry as "have in fee."

**Sackville (Lady Margaret).** SELECTED POEMS. Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 141 pp. boards, 6/ n. 821.9

Lady Margaret Sackville is a feminine version of the late Richard Middleton, less vulgar than that luscious poet of paganism, but less securely competent as a technician. Her themes are the themes of Middleton—the gay seasons, love and desire with their antithesis of crepuscular quiet, a selected Greek mythology, and the vaguely idealistic "dreams" of the romantics. Out of these materials she makes a bright, easy poetry, which it would be unfair to subject to the test of frequent reading. It is only at rare intervals that something of more permanent quality, as, for example, "Invitation au repos," rises above the level of pleasant facility.

**\*Thorley (Wilfrid),** trans. FLEURS-DE-LYS: a book of French poetry. Freely translated into English by Wilfrid Thorley. Heinemann, 1920. 7½ in. 336 pp. index, 6/ n. 841.08  
See review, p. 209.

**Trotter (Jacqueline T.),** ed. VALOUR AND VISION: poems of the War, 1914-1918. Arranged and edited by Jacqueline T. Trotter. Longmans, 1920. 7½ in. 146 pp. index, 4/6 n. 821.9

This well-printed volume, the profits arising from the sale of which will be given to the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society, contains some hundred and twenty war poems. The older generation is represented by such well-known names as Hardy, W. H. Davies, Binyon, Kipling, Newbolt; and the work of the youthful war poets is exemplified by poems of Robert Nichols, Sorley, Graves, the airman, Jeffery Day, and many others. Both editor and publishers are to be congratulated on the way in which they have done their tasks.

## FICTION.

**\*Capes (Bernard).** THE STORY OF FIFINE ("Westminster Library of Fiction"). Constable [1919]. 7½ in. 320 pp., 3/6 n.

**Dalton (Moray).** THE SWORD OF LOVE: a romance. Collins [1920]. 7½ in. 284 pp., 7/ n.

Marco, the illegitimate son of an Italian nobleman, after various adventures, goes to Florence and enters the service of the younger brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent. He plays an important part in discovering the plot of the Pazzi

to assassinate Lorenzo and his brother, and the author has thus plenty of scope for stirring incidents. The book is closely printed, but the reader's attention does not flag.

**Dodge (Henry Irving).** SKINNER'S BABY. Jarrolds [1920]. 7 in. 248 pp. boards, 2/ n. 813.5

More than a suspicion of sentimentality is mingled with the mild humour of this American story of a little boy whose sensible upbringing has a wholesome influence on some of his young associates, and leads to more important results.

**Leadbitter (Eric).** SHEPHERD'S WARNING. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7½ in. 270 pp., 7/ n.  
See review, p. 211.

**McFadden (G.V.).** THE PREVENTIVE MAN. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 304 pp., 7/ n.

The coast of Dorset, and the beginning of the third decade of last century, form the setting of this story. The brother of Sylvester Clitheroe, a Government servant, has met with foul play in the remotely situated homestead of an aged miser. Clitheroe is attracted by the old man's niece, but a misunderstanding separates the lovers until just before the end of the book. The inhabitants of the district are all interested in smuggling, of which there are graphic descriptions. In spite of improbabilities, the book is well worth reading.

**O'Brien (William).** WHEN WE WERE BOYS. Maunsel, 1919. 7½ in. 568 pp. paper, 1/6 n.

A reissue, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, of Mr. O'Brien's novel, which was written during two separate terms of six months' imprisonment in Galway jail.

**Peake (C. M. A.).** ELI OF THE DOWNS. Heinemann, 1920. 7½ in. 336 pp., 7/ n.  
See review, p. 211.

**Vanardy (Varick).** THE TWO-FACED MAN: a mystery story. Jarrolds [1920]. 7½ in. 254 pp., 7/ n. 813.5

This story is exciting, but many readers will "jib" at the amount of crime and thieves' slang introduced. Robbery, murder, disguises and "automatics" are salient features of the tale. Two of the chief personages are a mysterious New York saloon-keeper, and a man who combines the parts of detective and thief.

## 920 BIOGRAPHY.

Blake (William).

**Gardner (Charles).** WILLIAM BLAKE THE MAN. Dent, 1919. 8½ in. 202 pp. front. index, 10/6 n. 920  
See review, p. 208.

Fox (Henry), first Lord Holland.

**\*Ilchester (Giles Stephen Holland Fox-Strangways,** sixth Earl of). HENRY FOX, FIRST LORD HOLLAND: HIS FAMILY AND RELATIONS. Murray, 1920. 2 vols. 9 in. 381, 402 pp. il. pors. apps. index, 32/ n. 920  
See review, p. 206.

**Mistral (Frédéric).** MES ORIGINES: MÉMOIRES ET RÉCITS ("Bibliothèque Plon"). Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1919]. 7 in. 254 pp. paper, 2fr. 920

The autobiography of the Provençal poet has been well described as a true romance, and a series of *contes pleins de soleil*, expressing the whole life, the spirit and history of his race.

## 930-990 HISTORY.

**Goode (W. T.).** BOLSHEVISM AT WORK. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7 in. 142 pp. por. limp cl., 2/6 n. 947.09

The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* went to Russia last year, interviewed Lenin and Tchitcherin, and inspected industrial concerns, agriculture, and the Bolshevist system of food control, education, justice, State hygiene, &c. His report is directly contrary to the lurid statements appearing in most English journals. Soviet Russia is apparently as prosperous as could be under blockade conditions, and desires only to be let alone to work out her own salvation. She does not want to carry on propaganda abroad, yet would tolerate British, French, or American propaganda. Education is fostered, and "the materials of a splendid culture" exist in her theatres and collections of art.

**Munro (James).** A HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN: Part 2, 1603 A.D. to 1919 A.D. Oliver & Boyd [1919]. 7½ in. 616 pp. il. 942.06—09

The second volume of Mr. Munro's clearly arranged history begins with the accession of King James I. to the English throne, and the record is brought down to September, 1919. A useful time chart is appended, but it is a pity that there is no index.

## 940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Beauchamp (Pat),** pseud. FANNY GOES TO WAR. Introduction by Major-General H. N. Thompson. Murray, 1919. 8 in. 200 pp., 6/ n. 940.9

Fanny, or F. A. N. Y. (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry), writes a vivid, unconventional, and racy story of her experiences in two and a half years' work at the front, and incidentally tells many amusing anecdotes of things witnessed by the way. She went out in January, 1915, slaved in a hospital for Belgian Tommies, acted as cook in another, drove an ambulance, often under fire, and was at length desperately wounded, and returned home with the Croix de Guerre and silver star—only to find that, not being a man, there was no recognized hospital for her to go to, and the civilian hospitals treated her as a mere nuisance.

**Bogitshevich (M.).** CAUSES OF THE WAR: an examination into the causes of the European war, with special reference to Russia and Serbia. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 9 in. 136 pp. apps., 5/ n. 940.9

The author, who was formerly Chargé d'Affaires of Serbia in Germany, develops the thesis that the Austro-Russian antagonism was the chief cause of the war. The book contains much information supporting this contention.

**Bordeaux (Henri).** LE PLESSIS-LE-ROYE (2 Août, 1914—1 Avril, 1918): un coin de France pendant la guerre. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 1920. 7½ in. 314 pp. map, paper, 5fr. 940.9

Le Plessis-le-Roye, hard by Lassigny, may well be called a French Thermopylae. About it raged furious battles at the beginning and the end of the war, and when the Somme battle liberated a large tract of country in March, 1917, the devoted energy of the peasants in reclaiming their desolated lands and homes showed a heroism that responded well to that of the army. M. Bordeaux has made this chronicle of local events a microcosm of the whole struggle on French soil. He relates many thrilling anecdotes of French gallantry, and adds interesting extracts from the diary of a German lieutenant and other personal reports.

**\*Brownrigg (Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas),** Bt. INDISCRETIONS OF THE NAVAL CENSOR. Cassell, 1920. 9 in. 291 pp. 12 pl. index, 12/6 n. 940.9

The title in itself is enough to attract a host of readers, and they will not be disappointed, for Admiral Brownrigg has many amusing stories to tell as well as many momentous topics to discuss. He describes his relations with pressmen, authors, publishers, and cinematographers, and pays a tribute to the press for the discretion it exercised in using the information communicated to it. Sir Douglas had a most thankless position to fill, but showed himself a man of tact and resource.

**Jacomb (C. E.).** TORMENT: a study in patriotism. Melrose, 1920. 7½ in. 378 pp., 6/ n. 940.9

There is too much detail in this book to make it very effective as an account of how real patriotism was discouraged, as the writer believes, by the politician and bureaucrat early in the war, and treated with contempt and neglect when, after the Derby scheme, men were forced into the ranks, and, if wounded, hastily patched up and sent out again. He holds that the Armistice was granted too soon, and that we should have gone on for another month, crushed Germany, and prevented, as he considers, the triumph of Bolshevism and the troubles in Egypt.

**Lemonon (Ernest).** L'ALLEMAGNE VAINCUE. Paris, Bossard, 1920. 9 in. 221 pp. paper, 7fr. 50. 940.9

A critical history of diplomatic events during 1917-18 and of the corresponding stages of the war, dealing with both belligerent and neutral countries, and ending with a study of the Conference at Paris and the Treaty of Versailles.

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L. E. THOMAS, Esq. E. J. STEVENSON, Esq.

E. G. WRAGG, Esq., District General Manager, Sheffield Bank Branches.

## BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1919.

### LIABILITIES.

|   | £            | s.  | d. |
|---|--------------|-----|----|
| <b>CAPITAL:—</b>  |              |     |    |
| 120,000 Shares of £25 each, £3 10s. paid ...  | 420,000      | 0   | 0  |
| 1,846,716 " £20 " £4 " ...  | 7,386,864    | 0   | 0  |
|   | 7,806,864    | 0   | 0  |
| <b>RESERVE FUND</b> ...   | 7,239,041    | 0   | 0  |
|   | 15,045,905   | 0   | 0  |
| <b>Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &amp;c.</b> ... | 251,751      | 125 | 4  |
| <b>Acceptances and Endorsements of Foreign Bills on Account of Customers</b> ...  | 5,968,448    | 9   | 4  |
| <b>PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT:—</b>  |              |     |    |
| Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £487,317 11s. 1d. brought from year 1918 ...  | £2,752,801   | 5   | 0  |
| Less Interim Dividend, 8 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£148,999 10s. 2d.) paid in August last ...                               | £487,393     | 6   | 5  |
| " Dividend of 8 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£187,364 14s. 9d.) payable 6th February next ...                                  | £624,549     | 2   | 5  |
| " Transferred to Reserve Fund ...   | £500,000     | 0   | 0  |
| " Transferred to Pension Fund ...   | £350,000     | 0   | 0  |
| " Placed to Contingencies ...   | £150,000     | 0   | 0  |
|   | 2,121,942    | 8   | 10 |
| Balance carried forward to 1920 ...   | 630,858      | 16  | 2  |
|   | £273,396,337 | 9   | 7  |

M. O. FITZGERALD, } Directors.  
L. E. SMITH,  
FREDERICK ELEY, Director and General Manager.

## REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL & UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books at the Head Office and with the Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances, and have verified the investments held by the Bank, and the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notices at the Head Office. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanation given to us and as shown by the Books and returns of the Company.

20th January, 1920.

WILLIAM BARCLAY PEAT,  
NICHOLAS EDWIN WATERHOUSE, Auditors.  
Chartered Accountants.

## Principal City Offices.

15, BISHOPSGATE, E.C. 2.  
2, PRINGES STREET, E.C. 2 (Union Bank Office).  
1, LOMBARD STREET, E.C. 3 (Smith's Office).  
50, CORNHILL, E.C. (Prescott's Office)

## Auxiliary.

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No. 650.

February, 1920.

### CONTENTS:

1. THE NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY.  
By The Right Hon. C. F. G. MASTERMAN
2. THE PEACE TREATY AND THE POORHOUSE.  
By The Right Hon. LORD PARMOOR
3. THE PROBLEM OF THE CURRENCY.  
By Professor A. C. PIGOU
4. FOR THE GEORGIAN REPUBLIC.  
By H. W. NEVINSON
5. AMERICAN POLITICS IN 1920.  
By Professor LINDSAY ROGERS
6. THE QUESTION OF THE CALIPHATE.  
By Professor ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE
7. POLITICAL PARTIES AND PROBLEMS OF SOUTH AFRICA.  
By SOUTH AFRICAN
8. HISTORICAL NOVELS.  
By G. P. GOODCH
9. THE ELIZABETHAN CHURCH AND NON-EPISCOPAL COMMUNIONS.  
By The Rev. W. K. FLEMING
10. ITALIAN AND SERB: A CONTRAST.  
By ANTHONY DELL
11. THE GOVERNMENT AND ELECTRICITY SUPPLY.  
By T. H. MINSHALL
12. THE FIRST REFORM IN EDUCATION.  
By J. H. SIMPSON
13. THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.  
By HELEN WARD
14. WORLD OF NATIONS: FACTS AND DOCUMENTS.  
THE REGIME OF KOLTCHAK AND DENIKIN.  
FUME AND THE ADRIATIC.  
BOLSHEVIK INDUSTRY AND FINANCE.  
THE JUGO-SLAV MINORITIES TREATY.  
BELGIUM'S INTERNATIONAL POSITION.  
THE SECOND BREAK-UP OF AUSTRIA.
15. LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:  
WINTER WALKING AND TALKING.  
By J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY

REVIEWS OF BOOKS: A FRAGMENT ON THE HUMAN MIND; THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE; THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS; LORD HALDANE'S ACCOUNT; THE CELTIC SHAKESPEARE. SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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